National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

SLAVERY AND THE CHURCHES.

PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Michigan Yearly Meeting of Friends of Human Progress, held at Livonia, Wayne County, Sept. 29th and 30th, and Oct. 1st, 1855.

Whereas, Liberty is among the natural and inalienable rights of every human being: and whereas, slavery, as it exists in this country, violently plunders three and one-fourth millions of our fellow-beings of that most sacred right; therefore,

Resolved, That, as Friends of Human Progress, we regard the institution of slavery as a crime, not to be perpetrated, apologized for and defended, but to be immediately, unconditionally and forever abolished.

Resolved, That, from the formation of the present American Union to the present day, the will of the slaveholder has been its supreme law or Constitution, and there is no rational hope that it can ever be otherwise as long as the Union remains.

Resolved, That all who consent to support the Constitution of the existing Confederacy call God to witness that they will submit to, and help execute, the will of the slaveholder.

Resolved, That our only rational hope of the principle of abolition of slavery and of the support of liberty for ourselves and posterity is, in the dissolution of the present American Union, and the formation of a Republic on the principle of *No Union with Slaveholders.*

Resolved, That this meeting feels called upon to express its opinion of the outrage recently perpetrated by Judge Kane, of the United States District Court in Pennsylvania, in his illegal and unjust imprisonment of Passmore Williamson, a man of sterling integrity, high moral worth, ostensibly on the charge of contempt of Court—a charge which the very record of the Court itself shows to be utterly false—but really because he was instrumental in securing to certain persons wrongfully claimed as slaves their legal rights.

Resolved, That, in view of all the facts of the case as far as they have come to our knowledge, we regard Judge Kane as having prostituted the judicial office to the purposes of base injustice and lawless oppression, and as worthy of stern reprobation from all who love the right.

Resolved, That we regard the majority of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, in refusing to interpose for the redress of the wrong done by Judge Kane, as having proved recreant to its official duty, and made itself participant in the baseness and iniquity of the original wrong.

Resolved, That we rejoice to learn that Passmore Williamson endures, with a noble firmness, the persecution to which he is subjected for the doing of a just, humane and lawful act; and that we assure him of our hearty sympathy in his undeserved sufferings, our warm admiration of his calm, cheerful and steadfast bearing under them, and our hope that he may ere long come forth from prison in the only way to which we believe him capable of consenting, honourably, by the "clean victory" which it is tauntingly intimated by his injurers that he desires, and to which we hold that he has an undeniable right.

FREE PRESBYTERIANS.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

NEWCASTLE, Lawrence Co., Pa., Oct. 27, 1855.

The Synod of the Free Presbyterian Church of the United States has just concluded its sessions in this place. This body is composed of those ministers and churches which, a few years since, withdrew from the two branches of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, new and old school. It was organized with only eleven ministers and their churches, and mainly with the view of obtaining relief to their consciences from the necessity imposed upon them of being in fellowship and communion with that great crime upon the life of the soul, American slavery. It now consists of four Presbyteries, covering Pennsylvania and Ohio, and the Western States. When the ecclesiastical power of the two slaveholding bodies from which they seceded is considered, and when it is remembered that this power in its various forms has been brought to bear upon the growth of this new organization, it is not strange that it is comparatively a small body. But though not large in numbers, it is mighty in its principles. It proclaims a divorce, total and entire, between the religion of Jesus Christ and slavery. It requires its members, as a term of communion, to neither use, manufacture nor sell intoxicating liquors as a beverage. And it is opposed to all secret societies as inexpedient, uncalled for, and therefore wrong. This religious organization holds to the Calvinistic system of theology, and in form of government is strictly Presbyterian, having abolished the life-tenure of the office of ruling elder and made it elective by the people triennially—thus approximating the order of the church of Scotland in the days of its greatest purity. It has a weekly religious newspaper called *The Free Presbyterian*, conducted with marked ability, at Yellow Springs, Ohio, by the Rev. Joseph Gordon. It has also an institution of learning in the same State, which, although in its infancy, promises to succeed.

As an item of interest to your half-million of readers, who are all enlisted in the great movement now fairly inaugurated, of divorcing the Government from the destroying touch of slavery, I send you, for publication in *The Tribune*, the action of the Synod in regard to the case of Passmore Williamson. It is as follows:

"The Synod of the Free Presbyterian Church of the United States, in session at Newcastle, Pa., in the exercise of its right to express opinions on questions effecting the interest of humanity, gave utterance to the following resolutions:

"1. That the imprisonment of Passmore Williamson in the Moyamensing prison at Philadelphia, by a United States district Judge, for an alleged contempt of Court, in a case arising out of the freedom of certain persons claimed as slaves, is an act of high-handed judicial tyranny, deserving the reprobation of all who love liberty and justice.

"2. That in this wicked imprisonment of a free citizen of Pennsylvania by a Federal officer, we have alarming evidence of the intention of the Slave Power; and are warned that, by virtue of the constitution of things under which we exist, we are identified with our brethren in bonds; and that the same tyranny which robs them of their rights will not hesitate, when it has the opportunity, to strike down ours.

"3. That we hereby express our deep sympathy with our fellow-citizen in his cruel confinement and separation from his family, praying that he may be enabled to endure to the end, and realize, in his constant experience, the blessings promised to those who suffer persecution for righteousness.

"5. That the stated Clerk of Synod be directed to forward a copy of these resolutions to Passmore Williamson, in the Moyamensing prison at Philadelphia.

"WELLS BUSHNELL, Moderator.

"JOHN D. WHITHAM, Clerk."

PRESBYTERIANS (N. S.).

Resolutions of the Onandaga (N. Y.) Synod.

Whereas, it is plain from the principles set forth in the preamble and Constitution of the United States, that those who adopted that instrument never intended to sanction or perpetuate American slavery; and whereas, that system, as it now exists, is palpably repugnant to the spirit of the Gospel, and ought everywhere to be discountenanced; now, therefore, though the Presbyterian Church has from the beginning borne her solemn testimony against this evil; yet, seeing causes at work which urgently demand a reiteration of our sentiments upon this subject,

Resolved, 1st, That the system of slavery, as it now exists in this land, has no sanction from the Bible, or from common humanity.

Resolved, 2nd, That it is more and more apparent that slavery is aggressive in its character, and that its advocates and abettors are designing its unlimited extension, as is evident from the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the enactment of the Kansas and Nebraska Bill, the reckless trampling under foot of the rights of the ballot-box, as exhibited in Kansas, the mockery of justice, as exhibited in some Courts, and other acts equally significant. We do, therefore, most solemnly and earnestly entreat every friend of his country and his God to resist, with prayerful yet sleepless vigilance, the further encroachments of an evil so frightful and so crushing in its character. If our countrymen shall fail to arrest this evil, we here record our solemn testimony, before God and the world, that we did not withhold our anxious and earnest warnings against the dire calamities that will come upon us.

Minute of the Synod of Ohio.

We rejoice in the action taken by the Assembly on the subject of slavery, looking, as we suppose it does, to its removal from our churches, in a constitutional way. Our hope and prayer is that this may soon be accomplished.

Synod of Peoria, Illinois.

1. Resolved, That Synod most cordially approve of the action of the last General Assembly, "Reaffirming the testimony of past Assemblies in regard to the sinfulness of the system of slavery as it exists in these United States, urging upon the churches earnest efforts, by all Christian and constitutional modes, to remove the guilt and evil of slavery from our land."

2. Resolved, That we have noticed with solicitude and alarm the aggressive spirit of slavery, and the bold and openly avowed purposes of its advocates to break down all barriers to the extension of this system.

3. Resolved, That we pledge to the friends of freedom in Kansas our sympathies in the sufferings they are called to endure, and the persecutions to which they are subjected in freedom's cause, and for righteousness' sake.

METHODISTS.

Ohio Conference.

[The following is the majority report of the Committee of the Conference to which the subject of slavery was referred at its last meeting in Urbana, and which was finally adopted by an almost unanimous vote, after a full discussion. We take the report from the *Western Christian Advocate*:]

The undersigned, constituting one-half of the committee to whom was referred the subject of slavery, beg respectfully to present the following preamble and resolutions for adoption by Conference:

Whereas, The General Rule on the subject of slavery expressly forbids the enslaving of human beings; and whereas, the voluntary holding of human beings in slavery, without reference to their emancipation, is equal in moral turpitude to their purchase for the purpose of enslaving them; and whereas, we deem it proper to express clearly and definitely our sentiments on this subject; therefore,

1. Resolved, That we recommend the ensuing General Conference so to alter the chapter on slavery that it shall read as follows:

Question. What shall be done for the extirpation of the evils of slavery?

Answer 1. We declare that we are as much as ever convinced of the great evil of slavery, as it is contrary to the law of nature, the law of God, and just human laws; and inasmuch as our General Rule expressly forbids its *imitation* and *practice*, by buying or selling, and, by necessary implication, forbids, also, its perpetuation.

Therefore, no person who shall buy, sell, receive, give away, or retain as a slave, any human being, for any other than merciful purposes to the enslaved, for the purpose of emancipating them, shall be eligible to the membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Answer 2. Such of our members as may at any time have slaves under their care shall be required to teach them, as far as it is in their power, to read the word of God; to encourage them to attend upon the public worship of God, and to instruct them in regard to the sacredness and inviolability of marriage, and the duties of the parental relation.

2. Resolved, That the General Conference make such other changes in the chapter on slavery as will make it conform with the preceding declarations of principles.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

GRANVILLE MOODY, CYRUS BROOKS,
W. P. STRICKLAND, WM. I. FEE,
B. BROWNELLER.

The following is the minority report of the same Committee:

Your Committee have had the subject assigned them under consideration, and respectfully submit the following to Conference:

1. Resolved, That we are as much as ever impressed with the *deep* and *unutterable wrongfulness* of slavery.

2. Resolved, That we cannot resist the conviction that to extend Christian fellowship to slaveholders, by admitting them into the Church, as allowed by our Discipline, is to sanction unrighteous acts of slaveholding.

3. Resolved, That neither the Bible nor apostolic example justifies the existence of slaveholding, in the American sense, in the Church.

4. Resolved, That we recommend the next General Conference to take such action as will effectually and speedily exclude slaveholding from the Church.

5. Resolved, That our delegates to the next General Conference be, and are hereby, instructed to use their influence to secure this end.

A. LOWERY, M. DUSTIN,
J. KETHERIPT, C. R. LOVELL,
THOMAS D. CROW.

DUTCH REFORMED.

From The National Intelligencer.

There was in session, last week, in New York, the General Synod of the Reformed Dutch Church. As every reader may not be familiar with the organization, we gather a few facts from the New York papers:

"The Reformed Dutch Church, as at present constituted in this country, vests its legislative authority in four several assemblies. First, a Consistory, which is the lowest, and consists of a minister and elder from each church; second, a Classis can consist of representatives from an indefinite number of churches; third, a particular Synod—there are two, one at Albany and one at New York—consists of ministers and elders from each district; and, fourth, a General Synod—three ministers and three elders from all the churches, with delegates. There is no appeal from this body."

Several churches in North Carolina, professing the doctrines of this church, applied to the General Synod for admission as a separate Classis, that they might enjoy the benefits of its organization. The debate on the application gave rise to much discussion. The question of slavery was the bone of discord, some of the members being opposed to a connection with slaveholders. The resolution for admission was in the following words:

"Resolved, That the Synod cordially reciprocate the fraternal feelings expressed by the Classis of North Carolina of the German Reformed Church; that they regard with favour their proposal of forming an ecclesiastical relation with our church; and that so soon as they present duly-authenticated testimonials of their accepting its standards and constitution they shall be received as one of its integral parts, and so be fully incorporated with it, and shall be known among us as the German Reformed Classis of North Carolina of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of North America."

During the discussion, it was proposed to qualify the admission by the following amendment:

"Resolved, That while this Synod cannot in any degree sympathize with the system of American slavery, but must regard it as embodying the most serious injustice, it does yet sincerely sympathize with such Christian men as, finding themselves in the midst of that system, are slaveholders, not by preference, but by the necessities of the case, and with a Christian regard to the true temporal and eternal interests of the slaves themselves."

Some of the ablest members of the body advocated the admission with great ability, sustaining their positions by pertinent Scripture quotations.

The Rev. Dr. How contended for the propriety of receiving Christian slaveholders into communion, alluding to the recognition of slavery by the Bible. The laws which God enjoined upon the Hebrews respecting slavery, he remarked, greatly mitigated the evils of the system as it was found in other nations; and neither in the Old or New Testament is there the least intimation that the relation is wrong. We must remember (he said) that if we refuse ecclesiastical connections with these slaveholders, we also refuse ecclesiastical connection with the slaves; and if we sin in the one case, we do in the other. If it be sinful to hold church fellowship with the churches of this Classis, it is equally so to hold civil connection with them, and we must dissolve the Union; and what American desires this? The speaker hoped that the Synod would extend the hand of Christian fellowship to them.

Rev. Dr. Bethune concurred in the above view.

Dr. Abraham Messler alluded to his experience in connection with slavery. He had known the coloured people in New Jersey, both as slaves and as freemen. It is a singular fact (he said) that their condition, neither temporal nor moral, had been improved by their freedom. He once counted fifty-four coloured communicants sitting down at once at the Lord's table in his church. While their number has not diminished, very few are found in the churches, and he could only account for the fact by their removal from the influence and care of Christian families. There is much more in the question of abolition than appears at first sight, and it should be approached carefully. The resolution by Rev. H. Ganse, disavowing all sympathy with slavery, was offered as a preamble to the resolution of admission—qualified by which, it would receive his support.

After a debate of several days, the above amendment was adopted, and on Thursday the resolution as amended was laid on the table—yeas 50, nays 47. But the next day the matter was again introduced in another form, and was finally disposed of by the adoption of the following preamble and resolutions, offered by Dr. Bethune:

"Whereas it is evident, from opinions expressed upon the floor, that the Synod cannot unite cordially in receiving the Classis of North Carolina within the limits of our church; and whereas the Synod desires to treat the Classis of North Carolina with the courtesy and kindness due to respected Christian brethren; therefore,

"Resolved, That the Commissioner from the Classis of North Carolina be requested to withdraw his papers.

"Resolved, also, That a certified copy of the above preamble and resolution, with the action of the Synod, as recorded in page 581 of the minutes, be sent to the Classis of North Carolina, with our Christian salutations."

So the application was courteously declined. As at present constituted, there are no Southern churches in connection with the Synod, and the feeling is (as we learn from the *Express*) that if North Carolina is admitted now, the door will be open to slavery agitation within the Reformed Dutch Church, which will result in rending it in twain, just as it has already rent the Methodist and Presbyterian denominations. There are also some minor objections to the admission of North Carolina, one of which is that their Classis possesses large property donated by the German Reformed Church from which its members have seceded; they therefore wish to retain the name of German Reformed, in order to retain the property also.

THE HON. MR. KEITT AND THE CHURCHES.

From The National Era.

Mr. Calhoun, in his alarm speeches on the subject of slavery, was in the habit of referring, in ominous terms, to the agitation of that question in the great religious bodies, and its tendency to break up the connection between the Northern and Southern sections.

Mr. Keitt, one of his disciples, is following in his footsteps. In a late speech at Spartansburg, S. C., intending to produce a weighty impression on his hearers, he announced that "the Episcopal and Presbyterian churches were in a state of great agitation on the subject of slavery, were on the eve of disunion, and that disunion was inevitable. The pious men of the South were scandalized at this, and the Rev. Mr. Baird stepped forth to defend the Presbyterian Church, and vouch for its pro-slavery orthodoxy. The bare idea that any respectable portion of its membership should be opposed to a system which invests one man with full power to make another man work for him without wages, to deny him education, and sell him like a brute, was not to be tolerated. The reverend gentleman vindicated his brethren of the North against the foul libel.

This stirred up the Episcopal brethren, one of whom, the editor of the *Asheville* (N. C.) *Spectator* addressed a letter to the Hon. Mr. Buxton, pastor of the Episcopal church in that place. Mr. Buxton rejoices to inform the public that the communion to which he belongs has really no history to present of its connection with slavery, "for the subject has never once been named for discussion, or in any way," in the General Convention of the Church. Perhaps, he says, it would be asserting too much to say "that there are not to be found private members of the Episcopal Church at the North who hold extremely erroneous sentiments or are even fanatically influenced on the subject of slavery; but such persons, it is well known, could not for a moment gain a hearing upon the floor of any Diocesan Convention in the land, not to say our General Convention." As a fine illustration "of the spirit of our Church press," he adds, "take the following paragraph concerning the recent Wheeler case, which I cut from a late number of the *Banner of the Cross*, published in Philadelphia":

"ABOLITIONISM.—We know not why the *Friends' Review*, of this city, should be continued to be sent to us, with *marked* articles in relation to the notorious, or, rather, infamous, Passmore Williamson. It cannot be supposed that we can feel the least sympathy in his behalf, or do otherwise than heartily approve the firm course and righteous decision of Judge Kane, who will not fail, we hope, to maintain the majesty of the law in this and all similar cases."—*Banner, Aug. 25.*

The beautiful, Christian spirit displayed in this paragraph renders eminently proper the assumption by this paper of the title, "*Banner of the Cross*"!

The editor of the *Spectator* adds his testimony:

"We will take occasion here to say that, during a residence North of some three years, we became acquainted with several Episcopal ministers, and with many laymen of that church, with whom we were in the habit of freely conversing in reference to the question of slavery; and of the whole number of our acquaintance, we did not converse with one who was not decidedly opposed to the Abolitionists."

We hope Mr. Keitt will be entirely satisfied; and we see not what better he can do than to commit the holy cause of slavery to churches so entirely without spot or blemish.

Seriously, it is some consolation to reflect that, although stupid and corrupt churches may be seduced into the service of Despotism, the Christian Religion itself is the perpetual, all-powerful ally of Freedom and Free Institutions.

REFORMED PRESBYTERIANS, OR COVENANTERS.

The Philadelphia Presbytery, at its meeting held Oct. 23d, adopted the following resolutions:

1. Resolved, That the system of American slavery is, in its entire character, principles, claims and issues, at war with the law of God, and utterly subversive of the dearest and most precious and essential rights of man.

2. Resolved, That to hold or claim any human being as property—and consequently liable to all its incidents—as a *thing* to be bought, sold, and used for the owner's benefit, as slaveholders do, is a sin of the blackest hue, and should be regarded as a crime to be punished by the Judges.

3. Resolved, That slaveholding admits of no apology, and that those churches and ministers that give their countenance to this sin, by admitting slaveholders to membership, and by refusing to testify openly and constantly against their iniquity, are not only recreant to the benignant teachings and spirit of the Gospel and of its blessed Author, but also to the claims of our common humanity, and deserve the high condemnation of the friends of Christ, of the Scriptures, and of man.

4. Resolved, That the developments of American slavery in the Kansas outrages, committed pursuant to a determined purpose to override all justice, and even consistency, in establishing its power, the efforts to extend the laws of slavery over the free States, by allowing the transit of slaveholders with their slaves, and the iniquitous consignment by a Federal Judge of Passmore Williamson to prison, where he still lies—for no crime either against God or man—all show, as with the clearness of noon-day light, the slaveholding character of the nation, and confirm us in our determination to give no active support or conscientious submission or allegiance to the Constitution of the United States, which we hold to be a slaveholding instrument.

5. Resolved, That this Presbytery expresses its deepest sympathy with Mr. Williamson in his severe trial, and its conviction that the enormous wrongs which he is enduring will be made, in the providence of Jesus Christ the King of nations, subservient, at last, in some way, to the advancement of the interests of truth and righteousness, and our desire and prayer that he may be sustained by a Divine hand in his, to him, honourable prison-house.

CONGREGATIONALISTS.

Cleveland (Ohio) Conference.

Resolved, That we regard the encroachments of the Slave Power, and its assaults upon the right of suffrage in Kansas, as eminently dangerous to the interests of Freedom and the ends of Justice and Right. Especially do we look upon the complicity or indifference, or inefficiency, of the National Government in regard to these matters (as we understand the case) to be just ground for condemnation, and such as calls for a radical change; and hence we rejoice in the late successes of the Republican party throughout the land, and particularly in our own State.

Resolved, That we view with deep regret and alarm the recent encroachments of the Federal Power on the reserved rights of the States and the personal liberties of the people, by the superior Courts of our nation. Especially do we hold the action of the Courts in the case of Passmore Williamson as most tyrannical and dangerous, and such as ought to awaken the most vigilant solicitude, and call forth the most unqualified condemnation and abhorrence of all the people.

LETTER FROM REV. JOHN G. FEE.

CALIFORNIA, Ky., Sept. 1855.

THERE is an impression made by the public press which will, I fear, if generally believed, prove injurious to the cause of freedom in this State. The impression is, that free speech here depends upon one man—that "C. M. Clay is the bulwark of free speech in Kentucky." I wish not to detract from the faithfulness and courage of that gentleman, or any other man, but that free speech depends not upon C. M. Clay, John G. Fee, or any other man, but, under God, upon the *virtue yet remaining in the hearts of the people*, is manifest from the following facts:

1. In Lewis and Bracken Counties we had, without weapons or armed friends, free speech on the subject of slavery secured to us before Mr. Clay visited those Counties, or any other person had publicly taken the field to discuss the question.

2. The same was secured, by the people, to the "United Brethren" in Adair and other Counties.

3. In Rockland County [where the resolutions were passed that neither Mr. Clay nor myself should speak any more in the County, and before the Scaffold meeting—at which Mr. Clay was present], brother Davis and myself held a series of meetings after the adoption of the resolutions, and five miles nearer to the place where they were adopted than when Mr. Clay spake, when Mr. Clay was not in the County. Disturbance was expected, but it did not come. The people there, as in many other places, are determined to hear and maintain liberty of speech.

I have been constrained to make these remarks, because, 1, if the impression gets abroad that liberty of speech depends upon any one man, however great or valiant, then those who are willing to be labourers will be willing to labour only as they can labour under the immediate protection of that person. This all cannot do. 2, Others, who now sympathize and coöperate with and pray for us, will cease to do so if they get the impression that the way for the Gospel has to be opened by an armed force. Hundreds of places are already open without force. I say then, "Come over and help us."—*American Missionary.*

AMERICAN SLAVERY AND RUSSIAN SERFDOM.

In the expectation of Miss Murray's defence of slavery we are enabled to lay before our readers an interesting parallel between American Slavery and Russian Serfdom, being an extract from "Russian Letters and American Impressions," by Ivan Golovin, a work about to be published here:

"*To M. Victor Schœlcher.*

"DEAR SIR: To you belongs the eternal glory of having cut the gordian knot, and having, by a blow, abolished slavery in the French colonies in 1848, at the time you were under-secretary for the Navy, and Jacques Arago secretary. Since then, you said to me in London, England, after all, is the freest country; the three-and-a-half millions of slaves in America prevent me from going there"; and now, in recollection of your actions and views on slavery, I address you from America.

"You cannot expect from me common-place repetitions on the subject of slavery, but I fruitfully compare American slavery with Russian serfdom.

"It is prohibited, the State of Kentucky excepted, to instruct slaves in America. Well, it is not allowed to admit serfs into Russian public schools. If some of them receive any education, it is with the master's hope of realizing a greater profit therefrom.

"A law prohibits the separation of families in Russia or the sale of a son without his father. But exceptions are met with daily among the house serfs.

"Coloured blood is a title to bondage in America. In Russia, a free girl who marries a serf becomes a serf herself, too, and a property of the master of her husband.

"A master can kid his slave with impunity in both countries, especially when punishing him.

"The slaves are differently fed in America; well by some masters and badly by others. The field serf in Russia lives upon a lot of ground which the master gives him, and in spite of all such provisions one meets with many beggars, especially during years of short crops.

"Bad masters are exceptions and in Russia; in the United States I dare say so too.

"In Russia you hear that serfs would make a bad use of freedom; here you are told that negroes can become but bad servants if freed, and ultimately would relapse to pristine savagery. Thus the objections raised against emancipation are the same in both countries. Yet we witness daily proofs of the contrary there as well as here. The negroes of Jamaica became poor since they became free, but is not poverty better than bondage? and does not Liberia demonstrate that African air is not mortal to freedom?

"Slaves cost one thousand dollars in America; in Russia a serf is sold with the ground for one hundred dollars. Females are dear here, but are not accounted at all among *souls* in Russia.

"There is a law of extradition from the Northern States to the Southern States. In Russia a fugitive serf is brought back to his master from the extremity of the empire.

"The serf becomes a soldier—the negro not. It should be an advantage for the former, but it is not; for I never saw a serf glad of becoming a recruit.

"The negro bears heat well, thanks to the strength of his skull; the Russian bears cold very well. The former is sometimes well replaced by the Chinese.

"It is not allowed to write about serfdom in Russia; it is not advisable to speak much against slavery in the Southern American States. In the Northern States slavery has been abolished; so, too, serfdom in the Russian-Baltic provinces. Slavery is very likely to be extended into Nebraska; serfdom was extended by Elizabeth and Catherine II to the Ukraine.

"In Russia the serfs sing sometimes; in America the slaves always sing, but by permission.

"In Russia a proverb exists that a beaten serf is worth as much as one not beaten; and when it happens that one is innocently punished the master promises to account for it at his next fault. An overseer here never recognises having unjustly punished a slave, and the master never admits any complaint against the overseer, in order not to compromise his authority. The same principles produce everywhere the same effects.

"The Russian serfs often rebel against their masters, and not seldom kill them. Such a thing is quite unheard of in the plantations.

"Sexual intercourse between masters and serfs is more rare in Russia than in America; yet there are many instances of illegitimate children still held in bondage.

"Emancipation should enrich Russia. I don't know whether the masters here are rich enough to live on the interest of their capital.

"I have been a serfholder myself, and I can say from experience, that slavery renders the moral feelings of the best-hearted master cruel.

"After all that I said and did against Russian serfdom, I should be the worst of men were I to defend slavery in America; but as a foreigner I wish not to become an Abolitionist here. I am told that the Abolitionists conspire with the European despots for the destruction of American institutions. I ask you how the abolition of slavery can be profitable to European despotism? Will not, on the contrary, the masses here greatly improve by being rid of the shameful institution of slavery? Was he a traitor or a supporter of despotism, O'Connell, who refused an American from a Southern State the entrance to the House of Commons, saying that he did not like to speak with slaveholders? Are those who seek to be freed of this disgrace not better patriots than those who do not care for justice, the opinion of the civilized world and the verdict of posterity? Indeed, I pity the man who likes slavery better than the Union. But all such accusations are only a new edition of the *spectre rouge* born in the secret police of Bonaparte, in order to frighten the Parisian cheesemongers, and cause them to fly into the arms of despotism. The emancipation of the blacks, let us hope, will never enslave the whites of this glorious Union.

Believe me, yours devotedly,

"IVAN GOLOVIN.

New York, Sept. 10, 1855."

SLAVE RESCUE IN BLAIR COUNTY, PA.

From The Hollidaysburg Standard, Oct. 24.

Both Hollidaysburg and Gaysport were thrown into unusual excitement on Saturday morning last, by the arrest and subsequent escape of a fugitive slave. The particulars of the whole affair are very contradictory; but, after diligent inquiry, we think we have got them nearly correct, and will give them in such a form as to leave the reader to make his own comments.

It appears that, last August, a slave named Jacob Green, belonging to a Mr. Parsons, residing in Romney, Hampshire County, Virginia, ran away. No effort was made to retake him at the time. In a few weeks after, he returned, under cover of night, stole a horse, and carried off five of Mr. Parsons's slaves. Two weeks ago he again returned, and carried off five slaves from the same place, belonging to Mr. Stump. This induced Stump, Parsons and a nephew of Mr. Parsons, to start in pursuit of them. In Bedford County, two of Stump's slaves were overtaken and sent back. From information received from the captured slaves, the party came to this place, and the elder Parsons went to Johnstown. On Saturday morning, the younger Parsons, having received information that Green was in town, and likely to leave in the morning train, posted himself in Gaysport, and got upon the cars with the intention of arresting him at Altoona. The cars had proceeded half way to the bluff, when Green discovered Parsons, and immediately run out and jumped off, notwithstanding the cars were moving rapidly. Parsons followed, and a chase down the turnpike ensued, which resulted in driving the negro into the house of Eli Yoder, where Parsons captured him. From thence he was taken to Kellerman's tavern, where it was found that he was armed with a revolver, every barrel of which was heavily loaded. This was secured by Mr. Parsons, and he related to the crowd what we have narrated in the beginning of this article, during which the negro called Parsons by name, and acknowledged that he had ran away, but had not stolen the horse. Presuming that this was satisfactory evidence, Parsons ordered his horse out, mounted the slave before him, and was about to depart, when Green slipped off and ran. Parsons followed him and caught him on the railroad, and attempted to bring him back. Quite a crowd had collected by this time, and General Potts, the weighmaster in Gaysport, demanded his authority for arresting the negro. Parsons refused to show any authority, and declared that he was arresting him under the Fugitive Slave law. The excitement rose to a very high pitch. Parsons attempted to force the slave toward the tavern, but he was grappled by Col. Piper, J. R. Crawford and General Potts, who held him. During the melee, they forced the slave from Parsons, and Carr took him off. The release of the fugitive effected. Potts went before a magistrate, and made oath against Parsons for attempting to kidnap. Parsons procured bail, and telegraphed to his uncle; but he, it appears, had gone on to Pittsburg, so that he did not arrive in time to release his bail at the time specified, and a bail-piece was taken out. Parsons was taken before Justice Cox, and entered new bail in the sum of $2,000. In the meantime, Jacob Green, the slave, is probably on his way to Canada, and Parsons is put to the trouble and expense of standing a law suit for endeavouring to arrest a slave—for such he was beyond a doubt. His speedy exit from the cars, as well as his admission in Kellerman's, proved it. The thing is not ended yet.

[Parsons has been indicted for attempting to kidnap; and he, on the other hand, has commenced an action for damages against the rescuers of the slave.]

A NEW USE FOR THE ATTORNEY-GENERALSHIP OF THE UNITED STATES.

From The Albany Evening Journal.

CALEB CUSHING is sinking the office of Attorney-General of the United States to a deep degradation. He lends it to Franklin Pierce to purchase the favour of the South. He employs it to publish his master's subserviency to the Slavery Propagandists, and to win from them the renomination in the next National Convention, as their Presidential candidate, and guide and guardian.

Usurping impudent powers, the Attorney-General has lifted his office from its hitherto responsive and advisory relations to those of affirmative action, and even judicial character. He stretches law. He expands authority. He hunts up new duties. He enlarges obligation.

We have shown how he has compelled, by official ukase, the Indian Tribes to execute the infamous Fugitive Slave Law—how he has made negroes fleeing to the red men for asylum against oppression, trespassers upon the Indian Reserves, and punishable by the Federal Statutes—how he has outlawed the fugitives from bondage, escaping into the unoccupied territories of the People, and subjected them to violent recapture. A new, original exercise of his office by the Attorney-General has ground out increased comfort for slavery, and furnished his master with another claim upon the slave States for a renomination and reelection to the Presidency. Here it is:

EQUALITY OF THE STATES.

1. It has been adjudged by a long series of decisions that the Supreme Court that the United States never held any municipal sovereignty, jurisdiction or right of soil in the territory of which any of the new States are formed, except for temporary purpose, namely: to execute the trusts created by deeds of cession of Virginia, Massachusetts, Georgia, and other States in the original common territory of the Union, or by treaties with France, Spain and the Mexican Republic in the Territories of Louisiana, the Floridas, New Mexico and California.

2. It has been adjudged by the same series of decisions that the provisions of the ordinance for the organization of the North-West Territory were extinguished by the Constitution; or, if any of them retain continuing validity, it is only so far as they may have authority derived from some other source, either the compacts of cession or acts of Congress under the Constitution.

3. This doctrine has been applied in leading cases to questions touching the property in public lands, the relation of master and slave, religion, navigable waters, and the eminent domain, and may be taken as the established legal truth.

4. In obedience to the same principle, and proceeding in the same line of adjudications, it must have been held, if the question had come up for judicial determination, that the provision of the act of March 6, 1820, which undertakes to determine in advance a perpetual rule of municipal law for all that portion of the province of Louisiana which lies north of the parallel of 36 deg. 50 min. north latitude was null and void *ab inopto*, because incompatible with the organic fact of equality of internal right, in all respects, between the old and the new States.

[The Chase of the Attorney General in relation to the capture of fugitive slaves in the Indian Territories, to which the Albany Evening *Journal* alludes in the above remarks, we here subjoin.]

1. The constitutional right of a citizen of the United States to reclaim a fugitive from his lawful service extends not only to the State and to the organized Territories, but to all the organized territorial possessions of the United States.

2. If in such Territory there be no Commissioners of the United States to act, the claimant may proceed by recapture without judicial process.

3. Any such fugitive from service in the Indian country is there unlawfully, and, as an intruder, is subject to arrest by the executive authority of the United States.

4. Such fugitive cannot be protected from extradition by any Indian tribe or nation; for the Indians are themselves the mere subjects of the United States, and have no power in conflict with the Constitution of the United States.

5. By the local law of the organized political communities of the Cherokees, Choctaws and Chickasaws, there is ample provision for the delivery up of fugitives from service in any of the States.

CAN NEGROES TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES?

From The Cleveland Leader.

We have a case in point. A man named George, from Alabama, passed one of the stations of the Underground Railroad, a short time since, concerning whom some of the particulars are really wonderful.

George, some time since, heard of Canada and freedom. He soon after started North; but being seized with rheumatism, he made himself known to a planter, and requested his master to send for him. He was taken home to Alabama. His master, though generally very severe, was so well pleased to get him again that he was not flogged for escaping. George worked on very steadily, so as not to excite any suspicion, until about December, 1854, when he again commenced preparing to leave. Although for six months he worked out of regular hours, he was able to accumulate only two dollars. George worked on week days in the field, and on nights and Sundays was compelled to labour as a blacksmith, for his master. Formerly he worked as a blacksmith for the neighbouring plantations, and the gentlemen would give him money for his own use; but latterly, the work for the neighbours had ceased, and his chances to accumulate, under the circumstances, became very poor indeed, especially as he was not allowed to raise even a watermelon, or produce of any kind, to sell. But he wrought on, hoping against hope. Up to the first of September, 1855, his stock of money had not increased; but from a certain circumstance he resolved to start.

The reason of his so resolving was, that his master ordered him to iron two large wagons and a wagon body on Sundays and nights, and also pick two hundred and fifty pounds of raw cotton each day. This ironing was to be done between the first of September and the twentieth of October, and yet he was to be kept in the field carrying cotton until 11 o'clock each night.

His resolution was soon taken. By highways and byways he travelled Northward, and, after getting less than one hundred miles from home, stopped and worked for twenty days at one dollar per day, to earn money with which to travel. His free papers he wrote himself, affixed to them the County seal (which he also manufactured of lead), and, as they were examined at Court, where he happened to be, were declared valid. We have been shown the free papers, and must say they are most ingeniously contrived. By rubbing them between his dusty and sooty hands he gave them the appearance of age, and by this means several defects escaped a rigid scrutiny. His story he invented before leaving his master, and so plausible was it that he was permitted, in many cases, to pass without showing his papers. He is a fine looking man, valued by his master at more than $2,000. No human bloodhound can disturb him now; for he is beyond their reach. Here is another living contradiction to the often repeated expression—"Niggers can't take care of themselves!"

THE BISHOP OF VIRGINIA IN NEW YORK.

To the Editor of The New York Tribune.

SIR: The next time this bishop comes to enlighten the citizens of New York on their Christian duties, we advise him to take this text: "Thou hypocrite! cast out first the *beam* out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the *mote* that is in thy brother's eye." In a late speech delivered here, before a Missionary Society connected with the Episcopal Church, he said truly, "that God had intrusted to the clergy, as an order, such power as was possessed by no other order of men under Heaven." He said: "But some things they could do, and were bound to do, and *there was a burden of great sin upon them because they had not done their duty.*" "*They did not accomplish their work.*" Exactly so. This man has been a Christian bishop for thirty years. He has exerted the power intrusted to him to perpetuate the degradation of thousands of his Christian brethren; he has steadily pandered to slavery; he has published a volume of "sermons" with a lie on its title-page—"Sermons for *Servants*," when it is a volume for *slaves*. In these sermons he unblushingly defends slavery, and exerts his "power" by striving throughout to crush every hope of freedom in the slave and every spark of humanity in the slave-owner. He has lived and "exercised his power" in the midst of the most crying sins connected with the whole system of slavery. Thousands of the very members of his own church have been bought and sold like beasts of burden. Cruelties, the like of which were never heard of in any other country, have been practiced under his own eye. Parents have been robbed of their children, and children torn from their parents, to his own personal knowledge; and what has he done with this great "power" intrusted to him? He has used it always in favour of the oppressor and against the oppressed; he has never cried out against this monstrous sin of slavery. A greater enemy to the slaves does not exist than this very bishop. Well might he speak "with deep feelings of his own shortcomings." "*Heaven knows there was no deficiency heavier than his own!*" This is well said, and is perfectly true. If there be an individual in these United States who could have done more than any other, if he would, to have lessened the evils of slavery and to have promoted the eventual freedom of the slaves, it is this man. Well may he talk of *deficiencies*. We hope the next time he appears in our midst to enlighten a New York audience and to exhort them to missionary exertions, he will have repented of his sins of omission and take for his text the verse placed at the beginning of this communication.

NEW YORK.

A REMARKABLE NARRATIVE.

A FEW nights since there passed through this city, on the railroad, bound for Canada,

LECTURE OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

From The Pittsburg Daily Journal, Nov. 10.

As was previously announced for the occasion, Mr. Phillips delivered an address, on Monday night, before a larger audience, we suspect, than ever assembled in this city, under the auspices of the Young Men's Library Association. A more attentive assemblage we do not remember to have seen anywhere. Where listeners felt it impossible to coincide with the speaker, they kept a most respectful silence; where they *did* feel he was smiting the serpent with good yeoman blows upon the head, and probing the gangrened sore to the quick, they granted a just measure of applause. The speaker himself, cool and imperturbable, stood forth without note or line of written speech, and with such fitting phrase as that each word was felt to be just the one required for the connection in which it was employed. There was no passionate utterance, no declamation, no ambitious metaphor, no attempt to bear away his audience upon a tide of sounding words; those who know the man know he is not of that genus. He reminded us of what we have read of the Old Diogenes. We saw him again, with his lamp, searching for an honest man. Like those examiners of ships who suspect hidden slaves in her dark corners, he first smokes all the crevices until the very rats take to the brine, and then, with pike or sabre, probes all the recesses, if happily the fugitive may have escaped suffocation. If, with the tongue of Thersites, he showers his scorn upon the heads of all, sad, with the sardonic smile and bitter eye, analyzes, depicts and emblazons the sins and follies that cling, like the shirt of Nessus, to our yet inchoate republic, your bile subsides when from his lips you hear, "I do not find fault with this. You have painted the picture; I have only written its name beneath it." As much as we thought he had sometimes over-described particular pictures in our national gallery of paintings, we confess we felt that there was too much truth in many of them. He does not object to your striking; he only asks you to hear him. He honestly declares to you that he does not expect you to agree with him, for that he supposes and hopes history will write down his name, if she shall do it at all, as a contemner of a Constitution that recognises the right of one man to have, hold and possess as a chattel another, an infidel to a Church that has no voice to pray, in the words of one of old, "Oh, Lord, overturn, and overturn, and overturn, till he whose right it is shall reign," lest the Lord should hear his prayer, peradventure, and the Union be dissolved. While we had no heart to assent to many things he uttered, we admire that perfect candour and honesty that disdains all subterfuge, that contemns all false glitter, that sets before you the most ultra doctrines and the most unpalatable truths sugared to the taste by no honeyed words, urged upon you by no wheedling phrase, but the simple wormwood and gall. There it is; take it, if you will; if not, leave it. He calls a spade a spade, and has no dainty circumlocution to come at this "oblong agricultural implement."

The sum and substance of his lecture was this: a justification of the Radical Abolitionists, or the fanatics, as they are called, for the course they take in attacking what are called American institutions. While in Europe, when a reform is to be effected, the Church is used as an engine against the money-power or the Lords against the Commons, or the *tiers etat* against the *ancient regime*, here the ever-varying tides of public opinion sway hither and thither and bear up or down upon their bosom whatever and everything that float thereon. If a reform is to be effected here which strikes at the root of a great national sin, anchored in the Constitution and clasping in its hundred arms the wealth, the aristocracy, the literature, the pulpits, the prejudices and the passions of the people, the man who seizes his axe and gives vigorous blows at the foundation must expect to be called an Ishmaelite. There the Radical Aboitionist must stand in a belligerent position. He has no vote to cater for, no person to please, no book that he will expurgate for Southern latitude, no favour that he bows to win, for above the fluctuations of the political slough, the ebb and flow of markets and money-getting, he sees his star shining on the sky of the future, and in that future lives.

Of course this is but the most meager sketch of an hour-and-a-half's address. Had we a verbatim report of the whole, we should yet want a description of the manner of the speaker, the calm, full, easy tones of voice and the perfect *aplomb* of the man. He stood as unmoved when the mention of the name of Passmore Williamson aroused a tempest of applause that continued for several minutes as when his denunciations of things sacred and profane was confronted by the calm, breathing silence which, while it could not assent, was too tolerant and manly to become other than silence. For our own part, we can pardon many things to the spirit of liberty, and, while entering our dissent to much the orator said, we feel, in the moving spirit of the times, in the vast demand of the sum of all villanies, in the murmuring sound of the gathering tempests of a people's wrath, and in all the lessons of the past, that many things this "fanatic" said are true; and we felt, at the moment of their utterance, that had those words been proclaimed a dozen years ago, the tar-pot and feather-basket would have asserted the right to be used. It is something at least that we have here practically accepted as true the words of Jefferson, we believe, that "differences of opinion may be tolerated as long as reason is left free to combat them."

WHO ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES?

To the Editor of The [London] Anti-Slavery Advocate.

Last month I spoke of slavery, what it is, and what it does. The inquiry may now be, *whose* it is? It is often said, with much assurance, that slavery is the creature of law; and so disappointed or bankrupt politicians often get elected to office, under the pretence that they can change the laws, and so abolish it.

But slavery is not the creature of civil law. If it were, politicians who worm themselves into office are the very last men to be entrusted with the work of overthrowing it. Scarcely one of them ever goes to Congress in the name of anti-slavery, until he has sold his principles and his party to one or other of the old pro-slavery parties for the sake of votes; compounding in such a way as to place two bad men in office from the old and worst party, for the sake of one professed or pretended anti-slavery man from the other. This is necessary, on account of the continual minority of the so called Anti-Slavery party. It has never been able to send men of its own.

Or, were slavery the creature of law, it would still be pertinent to ask, of what or whom is law the creature! But the system is older than any laws respecting it. Indeed, in the United States, laws are its creatures, its own begotten. Its roots strike through all statutes, all constitutions, but do not originate there.

Slavery is the spontaneous growth of a corrupt moral and religious sentiment, as poisonous vegetation is the necessary product of the stagnant and putrid quagmire, and the shelter of all manner of loathsome and venomous reptiles. It dates to the day when Indians were robbed of their lands, murdered and burned in their wigwams, in the name of religion; when women were tortured and hung for witchcraft; when Baptists were punished and banished for the glory of God; when Quakers were publicly whipped, had their tongues bored through with red hot irons, or more cruelly, imprisoned, and sometimes hanged—all these horrible solemnities having been generally attended with prayers and other acts of worship.

Out of such a soil grew slavery; and the new Republic adopted it in the name of *Democracy*, as it was already the child of the *religion* of the country. And from that hour it has expounded the Constitution, controlled the legislation, and interpreted the Bible.

The Government bound itself to protect and cherish the Foreign Slave Trade for twenty years, that the markets might be well supplied with the stolen sons and daughters of Africa. Then, when the plantations were well stocked, and Virginia had begun to grow rich by *breeding slaves for the more Southern States*, the Foreign Traffic was prohibited, and finally declared to be piracy!

Thus the system is older than the Constitution which adopted it, or any laws enacted for its protection; and so a more radical renovation is required to uproot it, than is contemplated in the highest schools of American politics. Congress might sweep the last vestige of it from the national statute books, and still it would exist in all its terrors.

The system should be regarded not as an institution but as a crime—a crime committed by somebody. And the criminals are the people who do the deed directly, and aid others in doing it. The American Union, so much glorified, was a bold and daring conspiracy against liberty! The slaveholders said, "We cannot hold our slaves without a foreign protection, and various special privileges. Grant us these, and we will form a Union. We must have the African Slave Trade prolonged and protected at least twenty years. We must be allowed to be represented in Congress by the larger number of members, in proportion as we increase the number of our slaves. We must be permitted to hunt and seize our escaped slaves, in whatever part of the country we may find them; and we must have control of the entire military force of the nation, to suppress any insurrection which may break out among them. Grant us these things, all of them, *secure them to us on the solemn faith of the nation*," said the slaveholders, "and we will enter into a Union with you."

And it was done. Such was, such is the American mission! The slave trade from Africa was made lawful commerce. The slaveholders were allowed to add three-fifths of all the slaves to the numbers of their population to be represented in the Government. A law for the recapture of fugitives was immediately enacted, signed by George Washington as President of the United States; and more than once have the national troops been called out to suppress insurrections among the slaves. Never before was there so deliberate a conspiracy to crush the rights of immortal man.

To secure slavery was the great and grand object in founding the Federal Government. To protect and prolong it, the Union still continues. Over and over again have the slaveholders declared that the system could not stand a day without it. The North stands like Russia, ever ready to aid our Southern Austrians, should their able Hungarian victims find a Kossuth amongst them to lead them on in a struggle for freedom. In that Union with slaveholders is to be found all the hidden mysteries of the abomination. And that Union no political party dares invade. Only as it bows low at the shrine of that Union has any party yet existed at all, or dared or desired to exist. The very best men who go to Congress as anti-slavery men, declare they would not peril the Union to give liberty to all the slaves in the United States, and have pledged themselves to be loyal to slavery in the old States, if the South will not insist on its extension to the new. In this, too, they are always defeated by the South, and slavery rules supreme. And so must it ever be while that fatal Union continues.

In my next I will commence an examination of the sanctions and supports which slavery receives from the prevailing religion of the country. In the course of this inquiry we shall probably find much to aid us in answering the question at the head of these articles.

PARKER PILLSBURY.

St. Andrew's, October, 1855.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING IN PHILADELPHIA —SPEECH OF J. M. McKIM.

From the Philadelphia Sun, Nov. 10.

The meeting advertised under the head of "Anti-Slavery," and to be held at Sansom Hall last evening, though not exactly what was anticipated, proved quite a brilliant affair. The people expected speeches and Passmore Williamson, instead of which they had music and the Black Swan. The room was packed as full as it could hold: aisles, platform, every place was filled. The audience was made up of white and coloured indiscriminately, embracing the most respectable of both classes. Our reporter found the crowd so great that he stopped but for a short time. While he was there, the "Swan" sang several songs, and Mr. McKim made a short speech explanatory of the purpose of the meeting. It was substantially as follows:

There had been some misapprehension, he said, as to the character and object of this meeting, which he thought it was right at the outstart should be corrected. An impression prevailed that it was in some sort a Passmore Williamson meeting, at least that it was a meeting got up by the Anti-Slavery Society, and was somehow or other connected with the case of Mr. Williamson. Neither of these impressions was correct. Passmore Williamson has nothing whatever to do with the meeting, and it has no connection whatever with the Anti-Slavery Society. The meeting was got up by a number of estimable ladies for the benefit of Miss Shadd, whose services among the refugees of Canada have made her favourably known to the friends of humanity, of whom he should have more to say presently. Mr. Williamson had been invited to attend the meeting, not to take part in it, not to be recognised as having any connection with it, and with this understanding he had concluded, if he could do so conveniently, to be present. But he had no idea whatever of coming here in any other capacity than that of an ordinary invited guest. He did not expect to be honoured, or to be made in any way to appear before the public as sharing in the responsibilities of the meeting. In common with us all he feels a lively interest in the welfare of the Canadian refugees, and of course could not object to signify by his presence his approval of a measure designed for their benefit.

As for himself, Mr. McKim said, he had no idea, when he consented to attend the meeting, that there would be such a large assemblage. He was sorry that anybody should be disappointed, but this was not, as would be understood from what he had already said, a glorification meeting for Passmore Williamson. We were all glad, to be sure, that Mr. Williamson was out of prison and that he was restored to his wife and family and his daily business; but, beyond that, he didn't know that there was an especial cause of rejoicing.

It could not be claimed for Mr. Williamson that he had gained a triumph; none of the questions in dispute had yet been settled, and the wrong which Judge Kane had perpetrated in this case, personal and public, is as yet unrepaired and unatoned for. Let those who find comfort in the belief that Judge Kane has "backed out" enjoy all they can from this source. He has done what he has done thus far, with impunity and without rebuke, except from public indignation.

He has imprisoned an innocent and honourable man arbitrarily and unjustly, and kept him in prison till he chose to let him out. He has degraded the habeas corpus by perverting it to the use of slave-catching. He has been the means of annulling virtually that beneficent process. He has laid down doctrines which practically make Pennsylvania once more a slave State. To be sure he has been rebuked by the press and by good people of all parties; but he is sustained by the Supreme Court of the State, and he is sustained by the Federal Government. It is idle to say that Passmore Williamson has triumphed, or that Judge Kane has been defeated.

The contest is not yet settled, and it remains to be seen what will be the issue. He did not allude to the suit recently instituted by Mr. Williamson against Judge Kane for false imprisonment—of that he had nothing to say—that was in some respects a personal matter between the parties—at least it was a subject on which it was not proper that he should now speak. When Mr. Williamson was in prison his friends had to speak for him; but now he is out, he can speak and act for himself. He (Mr. McKim) felt absolved from further obligation in this regard, except so far as principles were involved, in which we have all a common interest.

Mr. McKim then went on to speak of the character and labours of Miss Mary Ann Shadd among the fugitive slaves in Canada, and strongly recommended her to the good will of the audience.

Mr. Williamson was expected, but had not made his appearance when our reporter left.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1855.

☞ Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society. — The Eighteenth Annual Meeting of this Society will be held in Sansom street Hall, Philadelphia, on Tuesday, the 11th of December, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and will probably continue in session, with adjournments, till noon on the following Thursday.

The occasion will, unquestionably, be one of great interest. Subjects of more than usual importance will claim the attention of the meeting, and business will be transacted vital to the interests of the cause. The outrage committed by Judge Kane upon the person of Passmore Williamson will be considered in all its bearings and relations, and the meeting will take such action in the premises as the importance and exigency of the case may seem to require.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison and other advocates of the Cause from a distance have engaged to be present, and there will be no lack, during the meeting, of able speaking.

The members and friends of the Society, and all other persons interested in the progress of Impartial Liberty, are cordially invited to attend and participate in the proceedings.

By order of the Executive Committee.

JAMES MOTT, Chairman.

J. M. McKim, Cor. Sec'y.

WHETHER WE DO BEST IN DOING NOTHING.

Two objections, we recently said, are often thrown in the way of our efforts; the one, alleged ignorance; the other, injurious effects produced by our efforts. Of the former, something has been already said. The latter remains for consideration.

Now, the case is a perfectly clear one that, sometimes, over-doing is quite as bad as under-doing, and that doing nothing, if that means only cessation of our own obtrusive activities, leaving the higher powers of nature to their unobstructed operations, is better than any of our limping and marring movements. What, in diplomatic intercourse between nations, Calhoun described "as a masterly inactivity" suggests a great law pervading the world. A plant or tree grows in the forest or the pasture to its natural size and according to the proportions and harmonies which befit and perfect it; whereas in removing it to some garden or avenue, we may interrupt the free growth and the spontaneous order, and sometimes a barbarous hand bereaves it of branches or in other ways distorts the beautiful symmetry. Just so with animal growth. Even in the human form there are those who have fondly dreamed that they could produce, by distortion or contradiction, something fairer than the primitive type, compressing the feet, attaching pendents to nose or ear, perhaps maiming or mutilating parts which nature deemed worth creating. Up, even, into the realm of mind, an analogous process has reached; men would suppress a passion by force, or eradicate an appetite; they have checked the ascent of the imagination, and pruned away the luxuriance of fancy; some have sought to suspend the religious action, and others have rejected science as profane, and there have been who made themselves machines, we might also say, for working out mathematics or logic. In practical life, men are found always meddling; the clock never goes right; they must keep setting and winding it. The phrase of our old translators of the Bible fits them well; they cannot choose but make themselves forever busy-bodies. And as silence is said to be golden, speech silver, sometimes of poorer metal, so we may say repose is wealth where action is poverty; and modest peace ensures the good which bustling war loses or impairs. This is a principle which none will ever dispute.

Admitting so much, we come to the suggestion so often made to us in our endeavours to remove slavery. We disturb the course of nature, so they assure us, by our impertinent meddling. Nature will do the thing right, they add, if we will but let her alone. Slavery, which is but a wart, will go off like any other wart, when the time comes. Or, if it be some worse disease, the remedy arrives with it, and we must not fret ourselves to provide and furnish medicine; especially when, after all, our chosen remedy will itself prove worse than the disease. And besides such abstract statements, we shall encounter, as we have not ceased to encounter, concrete and heavy charges; that, indeed, we have made the matter worse already; whereas, in fact, thirty years ago slavery was dying so gently that nobody could see the struggle, like some black cloud dissolving silently away, now, forsooth, it is revived and made more oppressive, heavier and darker masses rolling up to thicken the overwhelming shade and the falling rain. The South was full then of antislavery sentiment; our action has created a counteraction; and now—besides interest and pride, lower motives, yet strong—religion and politics, higher energies and of greater power, combined in Church and State, are aroused to support what once they sought to overthrow.

Well, if it be so, the case is a sad one. If because we think slavery wrong, and say so, those who used to think slavery wrong and say so have been driven to think slavery right and pronounce it right in the names of the Country, the Church, Nature and God, we must confess it a singular perversion of thought. If, because we have striven to overthrow slavery, thousands who were before striving to overthrow slavery have undertaken to defend it, to preserve it, to fight for it as for their hearths and their altars, we feel amazed. Armies usually welcome auxiliaries. France is glad even of England, England of France, Turkey of both, in the sieges of Sebastopol and other strongholds of imperial Russia. Myriads of combatants against slavery turn into champions contending for it to the death, just because some few weak men and women have come up to help them against the foe! Surely, we may soon look to see the rivers running back to their fountains, and the ocean leaving its bed to cover the mountains. Nature is inverted; and man has ceased to be human.

We may drop the questions involved in this charge, whether, as fact, slavery has become more cruel through the effort to overturn it, or, as others allege, has actually been softened from the consciousness and the fear of criticism; whether some have been alienated by what may have seemed extravagance, and so repelled into a position as alien to their own natures as to the aims of their zealous friends; whether, in a word, there are yet distinct intimations in American society of any deep and abiding impression from the movements already made in behalf of freedom. We may rather contemplate it as a matter of principle, not as a matter of history.

Let it be laid down, first of all, that every virtuous effort is essentially and necessarily productive of good, only good, in its influences through society. Effort truly virtuous is evidently good, wholly and only good, in itself, as the deed of the man. It is in him, and to him, what growth in the flower, in the plant, in the tree, is to the flower, plant, tree; what growth and natural emotion are in the animal, and to it; what growth and natural emotion are to the body, within which they appear, of man. Virtuous effort is the true soul living out into true, spontaneous activity, the normal development of the divine process in humanity. And as an influence into the world, it flows forth in perfect harmony with its fontal nature and elements. It goes out a blessing, never a curse. As each tree, from even the remotest leaf which waves from the tiny branch, not only grows within itself, but answers the benignities of nature by the effluences which it gives to the air, and through the air to the whole vast compass of things to which it penetrates; so does each man, from even the least effort of his soul, let that soul be pure, that effort holy, not only become holier and purer, but diffuses, moreover, an influence of kindred character through the encircling atmosphere. The good man does good; the good deed is fountain of good, and can stream forth only in sweet influences: only the bitter fountain sends out bitter waters. If other men and other deeds poison the current or the air, they will mourn it; but they cannot reproach themselves or their own endeavours.

What, then, is our conclusion from the universal law? Just this: Precisely so far as the effort to remove slavery from our land, to make freedom universal, is sincere, upright, an honest and devout movement of the soul, it is not only good in itself, but good in its influence and effect; not only a secret growth of virtue, of true beauty within the soul, but an effluence of virtue, a diffusion of spiritual beauty, through the whole sphere of its circulation. It has blessed many souls—they can testify; it is destined to bless America—the everlasting law promises this. It is an inspiration from the soul of the universe; no such inspiration can be lost; every breath manifests itself in a pulsation beating through the whole immense circle. God alone is Power.

A great boast, it may be said at this point. No boast at all, we reply. A Divine voice has found such utterance as the age admitted; a power from the Highest has gone out to overcome the strength of evil; and, just so far as any have simply spoken the word, or heartily cooperated in the Divine deed, they have served and blessed their generation—just so far, no farther. All of self which we have suffered to dwell with us—all of pride, of envy, of wrath, of unkindness, of evil lusts and passions—has but marred and hindered the work. Let all of this be dumb, and inactive, and dead; let all of pure love, of humanity, of joy in others' good, of gentleness, of kindness, of pure affections and pure thoughts, come out into life, and embody itself in our deeds; then we may be surer than any visible effect could make us, surer than any record of fact or argument of logic, that the deed which we do produces good, not evil; is source of help, not hurt; is more than a benediction, conveying the boon which it asks.

With this thought before us, we may not only rejoice in the past, but take counsel and courage for the future. We may rejoice to follow the Divine current of love and truth as it has run so long, heard or in silence, through the desert, preparing and promising to turn it into the garden, making the whole beautiful, and enriching its own banks with flowers. We may learn to sever in ourselves and our deed the pure and the impure, the Divine and the undivine, the benignant and the unkind, and to consecrate ourselves, with renewed and growing energy, to the culture and exercise of all those principles which perfect our harmony with Truth, our obedience to Law, and our loyalty to Freedom.

CINCINNATI ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

The following official statement of the results of the Cincinnati Anti-Slavery Bazaar for the present year we copy from *The Anti-Slavery Bugle*:

"The Sixth Cincinnati Anti-Slavery Bazaar closed at the Mechanic's Institute, Oct. 26th, with unexpected success; its proceeds being upwards of eight hundred dollars. Owing to the prolonged illness of one of the Bazaar Committee and the absence from the city of several others, this was far beyond their most sanguine expectations, being two hundred more than was realized last year. To those faithful friends, of this city, who, from year to year, have responded to our call, we feel the more indebted, because we know our views are, in some measure, repulsive to them; and, although we feel sure they will at last come to view them as the safest and truest, we know they now look upon them as somewhat visionary. For the boxes of beautiful goods from Boston, Dedham, Plymouth, Rochester and Detroit, we offer our heartfelt thanks; no aid could have ever been extended more timely. We would name some of the articles particularly beautiful, but time and space would fail. Let all these friends remember that this is missionary ground, upon which, with much toil, the cross of anti-slavery has been planted, and should not be left to fall back into the darkness of apathy and indifference. To the *Gazette* and the *Commercial* of this city we are especially indebted for kind offices, which we cordially and gratefully acknowledge. Our fund from the sale will be appropriated to the aid of *The Anti-Slavery Bugle*, an unflinching and faithful paper, worthy the support of all the Abolitionists of the West, published in Salem, Ohio—to the Vigilance Committee of this city, and to the distribution of the Series of Tracts now published by the American Anti-Slavery Society.

"On behalf of the Committee,

"Sarah Otis Ernst.

"Cincinnati, Nov. 1, 1855."

The Williamson Case.—Extract of a private letter from Philadelphia to one of the editors:

"'S.' (Lysander Spooner), in *The Liberator*, does not understand the facts in the Williamson case. He does not make out his case. He nurses the points in which Williamson is weakest. The general and almost universal sentiment here is, that Kane has backed down, and that Williamson has not dishonoured himself. But neither party has a 'clean victory,' or a 'clean defeat.' The contest is yet undecided. The parties have shifted their positions, but neither has given in. Williamson is an honourable, truthful, and brave man, and a devoted friend of the oppressed. On these points there is no ground for debate."

LUCRETIA MOTT IN NEW YORK.

Those faithful and devoted friends of the anti-slavery cause and of every work of humanity, James and Lucretia Mott, on their homeward way from the West, spent Saturday and Sunday last with their relatives and friends in New York and Brooklyn; and, according to notice previously given in the papers, the latter made her appearance, as a preacher, on Sunday morning, in the Friends' gallery in Rose street, and in the afternoon in that of the Brooklyn meeting. The announcement that she would be present at these places and times respectively made "no small stir" among the Friends in the two cities, and awakened considerable interest among a large number of outsiders, who gladly embraced the opportunity thus afforded of listening to a woman whose name has been so long and so honourably identified with the Humanitarian and Christian Reforms of this day and generation. To the rulers in the Quaker synagogues—those who, not many years since, persecuted and disowned a Hopper and a Marriot for the sin of being consistent and faithful Abolitionists—her appearance here as a preacher was not, we may well suppose, a very desirable event; and yet, as she is a minister in regular standing, there was no way to exclude her from the gallery. The "common people," however, "gladly" rushed to hear her. The large house in Rose street was filled to overflowing—a rare event (save at Yearly and Quarterly meetings) since the death of George F. White; while in Brooklyn, so great was the crowd that hundreds turned regretfully away, not being able to find room even to stand.

Mrs. Mott's personal appearance and the substance of her morning discourse are pretty well sketched by *The Times*, from which we copy as follows:

"Mrs. Mott, who was seated on the platform with the leading Quakers and Quakeresses of the City, and who still retains their sober garb in all its primitive simplicity, arose, and, laying aside her bonnet and shawl, disclosed to the audience a highly venerable countenance, radiant with serene but somewhat stern intellectuality. Her face is not so much sympathy-inspiring by loveliness of expression and tenderness of emotion as respect-commanding by rigid inflexibility of conviction, and all-absorbing intensity of thought. The impression conveyed to the mind by her personal appearance is rather of a woman moved to feel for her fellow-beings by power of thinking than by power of feeling. The impression conveyed by her countenance was fully borne out in her discourse. It was full of matter, but devoid of all ideality. Her evident sincerity of feeling and intensity of thought produce a strong impression on the mind, but the utter absence of imaginative power stripped the impression of those almost higher attractions which beauty of illustration lends. Still, though the absence of this quality may neutralize the effect as far as popularity with a general audience is concerned, the effect on those who came with a preconceived sympathy with the ideas of the preacher is likely to be more powerful, in proportion as the enunciation is simple and unaided by the poetical assistance of sensuous flights of imagination or classic touches of cultivated intellect.

"This simplicity Mrs. Mott presented in an eminent degree, and, while her admirers doubtless felt their affection and respect increase from hearing her again, many of those who had never heard her before felt those prejudices entirely vanish, which even the best of us are apt to entertain against a woman assuming those positions hitherto exclusively assigned to man, and striking boldly out alone at the paganism of the past, but at the semi-paganism of the present, and pointing out a brighter path to the future.

"Denouncing the still prevailing King and Priestcraft, Mrs. Mott had the courage to express what many repress, and declare that Protestantism was only a modification, not a thorough reform, of a degrading superstition. In glowing terms she claimed to plant her platform where Christ and St. John had erected it for Humanity, but she said she should separate herself from the Priests and their tools who have degradwd that platform into worldly ecclesiastical business establishments. Gathering hope from all the bright features of the progressive symptoms of practical Christianity around us, Mrs. Mott proved that all the leading reforms of the age—Anti-Slavery, Temperance, and all the benevolent and philanthropic movements of the day—have sprung not by the dogmas propounded by either the Church of Rome or England, or any other material organization, but from the individual soul of man, from the Divinity rising within man, from the Divinity of which Christ was the most celestial exemplar.

"In the course of her address, which, begun in somewhat impassive and monotonous strain, increased in fervour and eloquence as, in advancing, she was carried away by the holiness of her theme, Mrs. Mott spoke in terms of the most enthusiastic regard of all those noble labourers in the cause of humanity—preachers, teachers, lecturers, and, above all, editors—who, in defiance of a corrupt public opinion, battle with the combined hosts of the Slave Oligarchy, ready to sacrifice their popularity, their fortunes, everything, to the attainment of the great object in view. But how have these world-redeeming impulses made their way in the heart of so many noble men and gentle women? By dogmas? By creeds? By the degrading faith in the God-decreed depravity of men? No! exclaimed Mrs. Mott. No, no! By sympathy for fellow-men—by love of God—by faith in the perfectibility of the human mind—by faith in the Divinity residing within man, residing within woman. All honour, all praise, all hail to the great Messiah who founded Christianity; but did he not say himself that other Messiahs will come after him? Did he not point, in every word, to the fact that every age will yield other Messiahs, called forth by its requirements? Was His whole life not a constant protest against Priestcraft, whether palpable as in the Vatican, or less palpable as in some Protestant churches? Did He not do good by the wayside, as he went along, without reference to clime, locality, form, creed, caste, race, condition, and thus call upon humanity to follow the example, and upon the human soul to awaken to its intrinsic Divinity, and to cast off forever and ever the tyranny of churches, and the thought-killing despotism of the Priesthood?

"All the progressive features of our age were summed up by Mrs. Mott with wondrous compactness; and while their existence was traced by her to the growing anxiety of the human mind to emancipate itself from the influence of Priestcraft, '*every one to do his own and her own thinking*,' to pass from the childhood of civilization into the riper sphere of manhood, Mrs. Mott opines that the development of those various contemplated reforms would only be retarded by a relapse into the old enslavement of thought, and could only be accelerated by a daily-increasing appreciation of the capabilities of the human soul by *the world, with recognition of the God in man*."

There is in New York a Quaker preacher, as deficient in intellect as in good manners, who fancies that he is a very Boanerges, divinely appointed to protect the flock from the incursions of reformers. On the death of the late George F. White, he made a ludicrous and unavailing effort to clutch his falling mantle, and has flattered himself ever since that the feat was successful, though his public addresses never fail to remind the spectator of the fable of the ass in the skin of the lion. He belongs to the meeting in Hester street, but this opportunity to exhibit himself before a large assembly as the champion of pro-slavery Quakerism was one that he could not suffer to pass unimproved, and, therefore, he left his own meeting and made his appearance on this occasion in the Rose street gallery. Soon after Mrs. Mott closed her address this man was upon his feet. His appearance is thus described by *The Times*:

"This man resembled far more closely one of the Ana-Baptists of Munster, or one of the Mormon elders of Salt Lake, than any portrait we have seen. Of a coarse, heavy clay, the deformity of his intellect manifested itself in a monster sound of brute whining voice that surpassed the most gutteral note of Forrest, or that of him who, in Missouri, 'played on a harp of a thousand strings, spirits of just men made perfect.' He opposed every reform and all progress. He was against all goodness to fellow-man. Every man, he said, with a most dolorous whine, should busy himself alone with praying for his own salvation, and it was as much as he could do, corrupt and rotten as he was, to save himself. 'Progress,' he said, 'was directly contrary to the Gospel, and would interfere with it.'"

The Tribune thus describes the same man and his address:

"Richard Cromwell, of the Hester street meeting, arose, and spoke with great vehemence against the doctrines advanced by Lucretia Mott. He said that there were worldlings who usurped the place of Christ, and who were full of deceit and conceit, and quoted from Jeremiah, 'Cursed be the man that trusteth in man (or woman) and maketh flesh his arm.' His intense indignation excited a general smile; and, when the meeting was over, Lucretia was almost overwhelmed by the congratulations of her friends."

It ought to be added that when this hunker preacher interpolated the allusion to "woman" in quoting the imprecation of the prophet, he indicated by a movement of the hand that he intended it to apply to Mrs. Mott.

In the afternoon the same ill-mannered personage—proud, no doubt, of his morning achievement—made his appearance in the Brooklyn meeting, and, taking the floor in advance of Mrs. Mott, attempted to expound the doctrines of Friends, evidently aiming so to shape his discourse as to inflame the pro-slavery prejudices of the audience. Mrs. Mott took no notice whatever of his allusions to herself, but proceeded, in her usually calm and impressive manner, to unfold her views of religion and reform. We cannot report her discourse, which was listened to with marked interest by the crowded assembly. She alluded particularly to the anti-slavery reform, and after mentioning the names of Woolman, Beneset, Elias Hicks, Benjamin Lundy and others, who had laboured in that cause in the past, she spoke of William Lloyd Garrison as the man who, in our own day, first lifted up his voice for immediate and universal emancipation. She probably thought, with Theodore Parker, that "if it is a good thing to honour dead saints and the heroism of our fathers, it is a better thing to honour the saints of to-day, the live heroism of men who do the battle when the battle is all around us." But no sooner had Mrs. Mott taken her seat than the redoubtable "Richard was himself again!" He sprang to his feet, and, forgetful alike of the rules of decorum and of the provision of the Discipline which forbids one preacher to reply to or contradict another, passionately uttered a protest against confounding the names of leading advocates of Quakerism with those of "the *fanatics* of the day," and especially with that of one who had denounced the Constitution of his country as "a league with hell." The Quakers, he said, believed that "*all* power is of God," and that "the powers that be are ordained of God"; by which we could only understand him to affirm, that, in the conflict between the slaves of this country and the Government which rivets their fetters, the Friends take sides with the latter. This is true, no doubt, of the class of Friends of whose sentiments Richard Cromwell is an authorized and appropriate representative and expounder; but we trust it is not true of Friends generally, for we know that, according to the memorable sentiment of Jefferson, "the Almighty has no attribute" that is on that side.

THEODORE PARKER'S DEFENCE.

The Trial of Theodore Parker, for the "Misdemeanor" of a Speech in Faneuil Hall against Kidnapping, before the Circuit Court of the United States, at Boston, April 3, 1855. With the Defence, by Theodore Parker, Minister of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society in Boston. Published for the Author.

Our readers have not forgotten that a Massachusetts Grand Jury, duly "packed" for the purpose, and acting under instructions from Judge Curtis, in October, 1854, indicted Theodore Parker and Wendell Phillips for "Misdemeanor," on account of words uttered by them in Faneuil Hall, immediately after the arrest of Anthony Burns as a fugitive slave; it being charged that the said words were intended to "counsel, command or abet others to commit the offence" of resisting the U. S. Marshal in the discharge of his duties. Mr. Parker, on being arraigned, took exceptions, by his counsel, to the indictment, on account of some informalities, and it was set aside by the Court. The prosecution was not renewed, Judge Curtis perceiving clearly enough that the public mind was not in a mood to sanction, or even to bear with patience, the effort to reduce to practice the extraordinary doctrines of his charge. It is believed, indeed, that the Judge was glad to find, in a technical informality, a loop-hole of escape from the uncomfortable predicament in which he had placed himself. "Certainly," as Mr. Parker well says, "it would not be a very pleasant thing for Judge Sprague and Judge Curtis, who have taken such pains to establish slavery in Massachusetts, to sit there—each like a travestied Prometheus, chained up in a silk gown, because they had brought to earth fire from the quarter opposite to Heaven—and listen to Mr. Hale, Mr. Phillips, and other Anti-Slavery lawyers, day after day. There were facts sure to come to light, not honourable to the Court, and not pleasant to look at in the presence of a New England community, then getting indignant at the outrages of the Slave Power. I never thought the case would come to the Jury. I looked over the indictment, and to my unlearned eye it seemed so looped and windowed with breaches that a skilful lawyer might drive a cart and six oxen through it in various directions; and so the Court might easily quash the indictment, and leave all the blame of the failure on the poor Attorney—whom they seemed to despise, though using him for their purposes—while they themselves should escape with a whole reputation, and ears which had not tingled under manly speech."

After his arraignment, Mr. Parker made elaborate preparation for his defence. Procuring able counsel to manage the technical details, which he knew nothing about, and so could not meddle with, he prepared himself to take charge of other matters lying more level to his own capacity. At the time appointed he was ready with the defence, which, on account of the vast and far-reaching importance of the case, involving as it does the great human right to freedom of speech, is now printed for the country. He tells us that it is "a minister's performance, not a lawyer's;" but we doubt if there is any lawyer in the United States who could have framed in his behalf an argument of such overwhelming power and force. "Of course," he says, "I knew that the Court would not have allowed me to proceed with such a defence, and that I should be obliged to deliver it through the press."

The defence, with the documents thereunto pertaining, fills a volume of about 300 imperial octavo pages. It is dedicated as follows:

To
John Parker Hale
and
Charles Mayo Ellis,
Magnanimous Lawyers,
For their Labours in a Noble Profession,
Which having once in England its Kelyng, its Saunders, its Jeffreys, and its Scroggs, as now in America its Sharkey its Grier, its Curtis, and its Kane, has yet also such generous advocates of humanity as equal the glories of Holt and Erskine, of Mackintosh and Romilly,
For their Eloquent and Fearless Defence of Truth, Right, and Love,
This Volume is Dedicated,
By their Client and Friend,
Theodore Parker.

The following is Mr. Parker's exordium, which will indicate the scope of his defence and the spirit in which it is pursued.

May it please the Court—Gentlemen of the Jury: It is no trifling matter which comes before you this day. You may hereafter decide on millions of money, and on the lives of your fellow-men; but it is not likely that a question of this magnitude will ever be brought before the same jurymen. Opportunities to extend a far-reaching and ghastly wickedness, or to do great service for mankind, come out but seldom in any man's life. Your verdict concerns all the people of the United States; its influence will reach to ages far remote, blessing or cursing whole generations not yet born. The affair is national in its width of reach—its consequences of immense duration.

In addressing you, Gentlemen, my language will be more didactic than rhetorical, more like a lecture, less like a speech; for I am not a lawyer but a minister, and do not aim to carry a Measure, which with you will go of its own accord, so much as to set forth a Principle that will make such prosecutions as impossible hereafter, as a conviction now is to-day.

Gentlemen, I address you personally as Representatives of the People. To them, my words are ultimately addressed—to the People of the Free States of America. I must examine many things minutely, not often touched upon in Courts like this. For mine is a Political Trial; I shall treat it accordingly. I am charged with no immoral act—with none even of selfish ambition. It is not pretended that I have done a deed, or spoken a word, in the heat of passion, or vengeance, or with calculated covetousness, to bring money, office or honour, to myself or any friend. I am not suspected of wishing to do harm to man or woman; or with disturbing any man's natural rights. Nay, I am not even charged with such an offence. The Attorney and the two Judges are of one heart and mind in this prosecution; Mr. Hallett's "indictment" is only the beast of burden to carry to its own place Mr. Curtis's "Charge to the Grand Jury," fit passenger for fitting carriage! The same tree bore the Judge's blossom in June, and the Attorney's fruit in October—both reeking out of the effluvia of the same substance. But neither Attorney nor Judge dares accuse me of ill-will which would harm another man, or of selfishness that seeks my own private advantage. No, Gentlemen of the Jury, I am on trial for my love of Justice; for my respect to the natural Rights of Man; for speaking a word in behalf of what the Declaration of Independence calls the "self-evident" Truth—that all men have a natural, equal and inalienable Right to Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. I am charged with words against what John Wesley named, the "Sum of all Villanies," against a national crime so great, that it made freethinking Mr. Jefferson, with all his "French Infidelity," "tremble" when he remembered "that God is just." I am on trial for my manly virtue—a Minister of the Christian Religion on trial for keeping the Golden Rule! It is alleged that I have spoken in Boston against kidnapping in Boston; that in my own pulpit, as a minister, I have denounced Boston men for stealing my

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CLXXVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent telleth of the Feast of Ballots—He abstaineth from betting—And why—Straight Whigs and Straight Jackets—He giveth the Genesis of the Know Nothing Party—And the last days of the Whig Party—And who killed Cock Robin—He indulgeth a romantic reminiscence—And quoteth Hannah More—And appileth it to the Whig Consistency—Of which he giveth the particulars—And hopeth he is done with them—And endeth savagely, &c., &c., &c.

BOSTON, Nov. 12, 1855.

THE Great Feast of the Politicians is over. The day for which all true Americans labour and suffer for the other three hundred and sixty-four is passed. By true Americans, I do not mean eminently and by way of distinction the Know-Nothings, but the species, *Americans* of the genus *homo*. Who doth not feel an interest in Election Day? Everybody has been speculating about its issues and has laid bets with himself as to how it is going to go, if he have not violated the laws of the land by any overt act of public wager. So we all are curious to know the result, whether we expect to get anything by it or not. I am sure I was, though I did not feel confident enough of the chance of any of our four candidates to risk even a pair of what the Germans call "hand-shoes" on the result. I dare say that all were not as equilibrious as I, in this particular. At least I heard that there was at Cambridge—a place where one might expect to find "*juvenes quos clamor et audax sponsio decet*," youths whom noise and bold betting beseem—I say, there was a man at Cambridge who was ready to bet five dollars a-piece with any quantity of on-comers that Mr. Walley, the candidate of the Straight Whigs, would be chosen! And also that he found chaps in plenty ready to his hand as you might suppose. Such a Whig as that, Straight as he might have been, should have been made straighter by a straight-jacket and carried incontinently to the Insane Asylum at Somerville, hard by. I think he must have stood alone in the faith. I can hardly imagine even a State Street Whig, which implies a man who cannot see farther than the nose of the *Courier* or the *Daily Advertiser*, could be found ready to put the smallest coin in currency in stake on such a chance. But I won't answer for them. You will recollect that hundreds of them did actually believe that Mr. Webster was going to get the nomination of the Baltimore Convention, through the gratitude of the Slave-holders, and the Election through their help! O, it would comfort my heart and make me laugh in the Black Hole of Calcutta to think of their faces on that delicious Twenty-First of June! And the cursing and the swearing! I protest it takes all my virtue to help being glad of the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill, when I think of it.

But Mr. Walley was not elected, as you have perhaps seen. In point of fact he did n't come very near it—having only about thirteen thousand votes out of a hundred and thirty-five thousand. O, what a falling off was there, my countrymen! A year ago the Whigs had possession of the government and two or three years ago they had clear majorities at their backs, and now thus ignominiously curtailed! There never was an instance of a party laid so suddenly and so ridiculously low in the history of politics. And they have the consolation of knowing—if it be any comfort to them—that they have brought it upon themselves. The first severe blows that were dealt to the Whig party were given to it in 1845, by Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Nathan Appleton, when they declared that opposition to Texas was "too late"! and that it would "produce bad results"! Then, in 1850, Mr. Webster—"the well-beloved Brutus"—plunged "his cursed steel" up to the hilt in its bosom on the Seventh of March, and gave it its *coup de grace* on his death-bed at Marshfield. And what little breath it had left after all these strokes was knocked out of it by the Irish allies it called in to help it put down the Free Soilers over the wreck of their amended Constitution. From these things sprung the hearted determination on the part of the masses of the people to put one heel on Beacon Street and the other on Broad Street, and to crush the political life out of the Paddies and the Whigs at one and the same time. Which they certainly did last year in the most unequivocal and unmistakable manner. Neither the one nor the other will ever gasp again. Last year the Whigs had about twenty-seven thousand votes, so that they have lost more than half their strength since then. This missing moiety had passed over to either Gardner or Beach, for the purpose of defeating Rockwell at any cost. This was the real secret of the show of heroism made by the battered and mutilated Whig party, this year, and the why of its fighting, like Witherington at Chevy Chase, "upon its stumps," after its legs were smitten off. It was done in no hope of victory, but only to mark their unswerving loyalty to the Power which is the only Fountain of Honour and Profit in this country.

I remember that the mother of Cœlebs (I think it was his mother, though it may have been his father—but, no matter) inculcated it on the mind of that early pious youth, before he set out on his once famous Search after a Wife, "my son, expect not Perfection, but at least look for Consistency!" How well do I remember the dreary old book, in its shabby American dress of coarse blue paper and close bad type! It was the only novel (except "No Fiction," another weak imitation of the same order) that we were allowed to read at Andover, where I sat for near seven long years at the feet of Dr. Woods and Professor Stuart. Fortunately for you as well as me, we did use to get some others, on the sly—Regina, Maria Roche, Jane and Anna Maria Porter, and Walter Scott, too, then doubly delicious from the enhancing mystery, like the mist of the White Lady of Avenel, that enshrouded him. Otherwise, I should have been fit for nothing better than the Our Correspondent of the *New York Observer* or the *Journal of Commerce*. But this was not what I was going to say when I began the paragraph. Whether the Dowager Mrs. Cœlebs would have found Perfection in the Whig party, this year, or not, I really don't think she could have flattered herself that she could have found Consistency in it, though it has always set itself up as a prude among the parties. You remember its Anti-Slavery Resolutions for any time the last twenty years, the congenital Abolitionism of poor Mr. Lawrence, the indignant Meeting in Faneuil Hall, over which Mr. S. A. Eliot presided, and the wrath it breathed against the Nebraska Bill. Well, now it has changed all that as effectually as the Doctor in spite of himself of Molière had changed the relative positions of the heart and the liver. At its last meeting in Faneuil Hall, Mr. Choate and Mr. Hillard, endorsed in writing by Mr. Winthrop, declare virtually that it is we that have provoked the aggressions of the Slaveholders, and that the first duty of Massachusetts Whigs is to repeal the Bill for the Protection of Personal Liberty, because it is an attempt to cheat Slaveholding Aggression in its attacks on ourselves, here at home!

And this is not the whole of their Consistency. The Whig party, as I have said before, though it had become small by degrees down to less than thirty thousand last year, grew yet more beautifully less this, counting a bare baker's dozen of thousands. Now, it is perfectly patent to all who know anything that every man alive, in the country, and able to leave his bed, who voted last year, voted this; for the aggregate vote was larger than ever before. Where, then, were the fourteen thousand Straight Whigs who voted for Washburn last year and did not vote for Walley this? Clearly, they must have voted for Gardner or for Beach. Probably, the very men who promoted the Worcester Convention and set up Mr. Walley were the very ones that bolted for Beach or Gardner. Indeed, it was a part of the same game. They wished to prevent Massachusetts from taking an open and manly attitude towards the South on an issue involving the honour and true interests of the North. Mr. Rockwell had always been a Whig. He stood exactly in the position in which the Boston Meeting after the passage of the Nebraska Bill (or just before) pledged themselves to take. And yet they devised this smallest of holes that ever political rats made to creep away from an honourable place. They objected to the Republican party because it was *Sectional*, forsooth! Bah! You must let me stop for a drink of water to take the taste out of my mouth.—Indeed, in many country towns, the gravest old Whigs, in order to show their disapprobation of Fusion, voted for the most venomous kind of Pierce Democrats, in order to defeat the Republican candidates. In Quincy, in Andover, and many other places, the Whigs and Pierce Democrats united on joint tickets, half and half, and in this way chose the few Whigs and Democrats who are elected to the Legislature! To be sure, though this smacks of inconsistency to the casual observer, it is not so much so as it looks. For these Whig gentlemen have only gone where they belonged. They have but combined with the elements for which they have a natural affinity. Mr. Choate, Mr. Hillard and Mr. Winthrop, and the Messrs Curtises, are all tarred with the same brush as Mr. Hallett, Colonel Greene of the *Post*, Seth J. Thomas and the old line Democrats. They all follow the same black bell-wether; only they fight with one another in trying to keep nearest to him.

After all, the thirteen thousand Whigs that voted for Mr. Walley are the honestest portion of the party, and those from whom honourable action may be hoped hereafter rather than any of those that egged them on and then turned tail themselves. They had probably a real belief in the existence of the Whig party, and, that it really meant something by its professions in old times. I do not believe that they were the worst sort of men, many of them, and think some good thing may yet come out of that Nazareth. The Republicans were grievously disappointed at the result of the Election, as you may suppose. And with reason, for they had really worked hard, and as men never do politically, except when they have a strong expectation of success. You may remember that I have often found fault with the Free Soilers for their neglect of the use of means before Election, and their fears lest they should fail of their object if they tried to get it. This year, they put all their strongest men into the field and worked hard up to the hour of Election. But Paddyphobia and *Misowhiggy* prevailed against them. It is not a creditable thing to the State that the reelection of such a man as Gardner should be a possible thing; only it is better than a Whig reaction. His Fifty Thousand must have many good sort of fellows among them, and, as it can't be helped, we will hope they will do better than is expected of them. Nobody can tell how the new Legislature will act on the really important matters to come before them. But we will hope the best. And I hope, too, I shall never again have to write such another Whigish letter as this, as long as our correspondence may last. I trust the Whig party will, this year, be buried at the intersection of the four cross-roads on which the four parties travelled to this point, with a stake driven through it to keep it down, so that we may never see or hear of it again.

D. Y.

THE following well-deserved tribute is from *The* [London] *Anti-Slavery Advocate* for November, where it appears as an introduction to an extract from one of Mr. Foster's late speeches:

STEPHEN S. FOSTER.—When the history of the anti-slavery enterprise shall be written at some future day, no man will be more nobly distinguished for his moral courage and devotedness of life and talents to the cause than Stephen S. Foster. Amongst the most prominent labourers in the lecture field, this gentleman and Mr. Pillsbury (now in England) have faced for many long years the violence of mobs, the fury of politicians, and the wrath of formal professors, whose enmity they have earned by exposing the gross inconsistency of the practice of American parties and churches with their own standards of opinion. These men are eminently of that class called "ultra Abolitionists." They know slavery to be altogether evil, and will make no terms with it, on any pretence of political, religious, or social expediency. They will not "budge a hair" from their high standard of principle. They know that it is the worst of bad policy to make bargains with the devil. They are, of course, called "rash," "mischievous," and "the worst friends of the slave," and they are told they have put back emancipation for fifty years. They know this cannot be true, for slaveholders and the apologists of slavery fear and hate them, as they hate all consistent friends of freedom. In private life no men are more thoroughly above reproach, as husbands, fathers, friends and members of society than Messrs. Foster and Pillsbury. In any circumstances of pecuniary or moral temptation we would depend upon them to any extent. They are the stuff of which the truly great men and benefactors of mankind in all ages are made.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.—The seven o'clock train from Worcester, on Tuesday morning, in rounding a curve in Framingham, struck a horse and wagon, containing the daughter of Dr. A. C. Taft, of this city. The team was driven by her younger brother, who almost miraculously escaped unharmed. The horse was instantly killed. Miss Taft was seriously injured, and from the nature of her wounds it is very probable she will not survive. Dr. Chandler of the Worcester Hospital was fortunately in the cars, and rendered every assistance in his power. A freight and a passenger train were approaching in opposite directions, and it is supposed the boy who drove the team noticed but one train. There appeared to be no blame to be attached to the engineer. There will be many to sympathize with the parents in this agonizing hour.—*Liberator*.

Miss Alice Taft, the young woman above alluded to, did not survive the injuries she received. Her funeral took place in the Baptist Church in Framingham, and addresses were delivered on the occasion by the Rev. Messrs. Temple, Northrop, Dean, Child, and by Father Taylor, of Boston, who, although the grandfather of the deceased, felt constrained to speak by the very peculiar circumstances of the case.

CORRECTION.—By a typographical error, we were made to say last week that the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society would hold its Annual Meeting on the 16th of December. By the call which we publish to-day it will be seen that the meeting commences on the 11th and not on the 16th of that month. This will bring it, as our notice stated would be the fact, the same week with the Fair. The Fair commences, in the Assembly Building, on Wednesday evening, the 12th; the State Meeting commences the day before—Tuesday—at 10 A. M., and ends the day following—Thursday—at 12 M. This strikes us as a good arrangement, as it will enable the friends of the cause, who will all naturally want to attend both meetings, to accomplish this object with the least possible sacrifice of time and convenience. Our friends in Pennsylvania should make their arrangements to devote the full week to the duties and enjoyments of the State Meeting and the Annual Fair.

MEMOIR OF MR. ESTLIN.—On the fourth page of this week's STANDARD will be found the first two numbers of a very discriminating and interesting memoir of the late Mr. Estlin, of Bristol, which is in the course of publication in *The Liberator*. It is hardly necessary to say—as his initials are attached to it—that the memoir is by Mr. S. May, Jr., of Boston; who is, by an intimate personal knowledge of Mr. Estlin, and an entire sympathy with his fine nature, well qualified to render such a tribute a fitting memorial of private excellence and public worth. Mr. May's initials, we understand, were attached to the first article without his knowledge, but being so attached we commit no breach of confidence in calling attention to the fact of the authorship as a guaranty of the scrupulous fidelity of the memoir.

ILLNESS OF FRANCIS JACKSON, ESQ.—The numerous friends of this long-tried and greatly esteemed friend of the Anti-Slavery cause, who has been a pillar of strength therein for the last twenty years, will be deeply grieved to learn that he is now lying very seriously indisposed at his residence in Hollis street. They will all fervently join in the supplication that his sickness may not be unto death, but that a life so valuable may be preserved yet many years longer. Whatever it may be, he is serenely prepared for the issue.—*Liberator, Nov.* 9.

Our readers will all be gratified to learn that Mr. Jackson, according to late advices, is much better We hope ere long to announce his entire restoration.

PROSECUTION OF JUDGE KANE.—It is fortunate for the ends of justice that Judge Kane is to be tried upon the charge of false imprisonment, not in the city, but in the country, where there is is a chance for an honourable and incorruptible jury. Judge Haines, of West Chester, whose office it will be to preside on the occasion, is a man who cannot be overawed by the minions of the Slave Power. If Kane is convicted the case will probably go to the State Supreme Court on appeal, and finally, perhaps, to the Supreme Court of the United States.

DR. ABRAHAM BROOKE has been appointed an agent of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, to visit from house to house, lecture, procure subscribers for *The Anti-Slavery Bugle*, and distribute anti-slavery tracts. His rare intelligence, his ardent devotion to the cause, his fine powers of discrimination and his sound common sense qualify him for preeminent usefulness. His labours for the present will be confined chiefly to the Western Reserve and the Counties adjoining it on the South.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.—This charming work, as our readers well know, is edited by Dickens, but they may not all be aware of the fact that it is reissued regularly, every week, and also in monthly numbers, in this city, by Dix and Edwards, 10 Park Place. The issue for November, embracing five weekly numbers, offers a great variety of useful and entertaining matter. The price of the work is $3 per annum, or 25 cents a month.

NEW-YORK ELECTION.—The Know Nothings have elected their entire State ticket, except the Judge of the Court of Appeals (long term), which office will be filled by Mr. Selden, who was on both the Hard and Soft tickets. The Republicans claim from 15 to 17 of the 32 Senators, while the Assembly will stand about as follows:—Democrats of both Shells, 50; Republicans, 43; Know-Nothings, 35. Thus no party has a majority.

ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES IN WORCESTER.—John P. Hale delivered the introductory lecture of this course on the 9th inst. He is to be followed successively by J. R. Giddings, Horace Mann, Henry Wilson, Mary E. Webb (reading Mrs. Stowe's Drama), Edmund Quincy, J. Elizabeth Jones, E. D. Culver, Theodore Parker, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, C. L. Remond, R. W. Emerson, Ernestine L. Rose.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 599.—*Contents:* Lycanthropy in London: or, The Wehr-Wolf of Wilton-Crescent; The Rev. Dr. Cumming; Brewster's Life of Newton; Sporting Adventures in Nova-Scotia; The Turkish Gentry at Home; A City in the Wilderness; Dr. Charles Caldwell; Letters Rewarded—Noctes Ambrosianæ; Philosophy of Sebastopol; Milton and Elizabeth Lloyd; Embassies and Foreign Courts; Hans Christain Andersen; Newfoundland—Archdeacon Wix; French Exposition. There are also several poems and a large number of short articles. New York: 343 Broadway.

Summary.

THE CLIMAX OF DELICACY.—At a recent exhibition of the famous Greek Slave at Indianapolis, Ind., a day was set apart for the ladies to visit the statue.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—The Romney (Va.) *Intelligencer*, calculates the loss of Hampshire County, in that State, in runaway slaves, this fall, at $6,600.

The cradle is woman's ballot-box.—*Lucy Stone.*

Some of them put in two votes at once, which is illegal, is n't it?

ASSASSINATION IN VIRGINIA.—Last Tuesday night, Mr. Washington Marlow was shot dead, as he sat by the fire in his own house, in Rappahannock County, Va., by some person unknown. Some of his slaves were arrested on suspicion.

Alfred Putnam, of Boston, died at Florence, Italy, on the 12th ult. He was a son of the lady who distinguished herself by her contributions to the *Christian Examiner*, on the Hungarian question, and a grandson of Rev. Charles Lowell.

BARK PAPER.—A company has established, at Portland, Me., a factory for the manufacture of paper from the bark of trees. The paper is already extensively used, and a good printing paper, it is said, will soon be produced.

LOOK OUT FOR THE IMPOSTOR.—A coloured man by the name of William Carter, of Chatham, C. W., is now in the United States, begging money to buy himself. We have heard of him at Port Huron, Michigan. We are informed that he is a base impostor!—*Provincial Freeman.*

Among the new works which the Jewetts, of Boston, have in press, is one by Harriet K. Hunt, M.D., narrating her experience as a physician. It is entitled "Glances and Glimpses; or, Fifty Years of Social, compromising Twenty Years of Professional Life."

A CANDID WITNESS.—A person who was recently called in Court, for the purpose of proving the correctness of a doctor's bill, was asked by the lawyer whether "the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was *out of danger*?" "No," replied the witness. "I considered the patient *in danger* as long as the doctor continued his visits!"

EMIGRANTS TO KANSAS.—An agent, representing about five thousand German and Irish residents of Louisville and other towns in Kentucky, arrived, recently, at Leavenworth, Kansas, to look out for suitable locations for these people, who are about to leave their present homes in consequence of the recent trouble.

"A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER."—The following is from an Albany (N. Y.) paper: "John Van Buren, the other evening, said, Gen. Nye was 'bottle-holder for Gov. Seward.' The General says, the *Argus*, in 1848, called him 'bottle-holder for John Van Buren.' He is consoled, in this transfer, by the fact that he will not *now* have to pull the cork so often as he did *then*."

"A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure," it is said; and, if this be true, Governor Wright may be considered among the happiest of men. We learn that his lady has recently presented him with *two* of such well-springs—one a boy, the other a girl. They have been named, we learn, the boy Kentucky, the girl Indiana. All (W)right.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

"HEARING PRAYERS THROUGH A CRACK."—Not long since, a girl from the country came to live with a religious family in Bangor, Me., who, when at prayer in the room adjoining the kitchen, left the door of that room a few inches ajar. The girl closed it and it was again opened as before, whereupon the girl requested leave to return home, as she was not accustomed to hearing prayers through a crack, and she did not care to become so.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.—Upon the conclusion of a marriage in a village church, the bridegroom signed the register, and then turning to a lady who had known her as the best scholar in school, whispered to her, while tears of honest love and admiration stood in her bright eyes, "he's a dear fellow, Miss, but cannot write yet. He's going to learn of me, and I would not shame him for the world."

INNOCENT AMUSEMENT.—In addition to the ordinary risks of travel on railroad, the lives of passengers are placed in jeopardy by the repeated attempts to throw the cars off the track, either for the purposes of robbery or to gratify malignity. Six individuals were detected in this act, last week, on the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad, and have been lodged in Madison jail. It is to be hoped that they will be properly punished.

Dr. Henry I. Bowditch, of Boston (says the Lynn *News*), being about to set an antique sun-dial, sent to John G. Whittier a request for an appropriate inscription. The poet returned the following gem:

> With warning hand I mark Time's rapid flight,
> From life's glad morning to its solemn night.
> But through the dear God's love I also show
> There's light above me, by the shade below.

At the close of the recent Session of the Normal School, at Toronto, Miss Emeline Shadd, a coloured lady, received the first prize of £5 10s.; also, a first class certificate. Miss Shadd is a sister of Miss M. A. Shadd, who filled the editorial chair of the *Provincial Freeman* for the past year, and daughter of Abram D. Shadd, Esq., of Raleigh Township, Kent Co., C. W., and formerly of West Chester, Pa.—*Provin. Freeman.*

INFANTILE THEOLOGY.—Sammy went to see his grandfather, a pious old gentleman, who was wont to discourse much to young Samuel upon divine things. The lad, while taking a ride, one day, in his grandfather's carriage, after sitting a moment in silence, inquired: "Is God everywhere?" "Yes, my child." "Is he in this carriage?" "Certainly he is." "Then all I've got to say is, he's having a splendid ride." The grandfather lifted his spectacles, looked at Sammy, touched up the horse, and said not a word.

ACCUMULATED CONTEMPT.—Many of our contemporaries of the press are making themselves quite merry over the last opinion delivered by Judge Kane in the Williamson case. In that opinion he expressed serious apprehension that any leniency shown to an individual committed for contempt would lead to repetitions of the offence. "What," he asks, "what security can the Court have that there will not be accumulated contempts?" So far from being convinced by such logic, many of our contemporaries seem to entertain the opinion that his concern on this score comes too late, and that he has accumulated upon his head all the contempt which it is possible for one man to endure.—*Phila. News.*

A LIBERAL MASTER.—Rev. John A. McClung, of this city, emancipated several slaves whom he owned in Kentucky, by right of descent, and brought them to this city, where they have been voluntarily living with him for the last four years. Being now about to remove to Augusta, Ga., for the benefit of his health, and wishing to secure their freedom to them beyond danger of losing it in any way, and being unable to place the deed of manumission on record here, owing to a want of a provision for that purpose, he has published the deed in the Journal, so that it may be as public as the circumstances will admit.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Mr. Wheeler, the Minister to Nicaragua, is a somewhat unfortunate man. After his difficulty here with Passmore Williamson, he went to Grenada. When Walker arrived at Grenada, Wheeler undertook a mission of peace between Walker and Corral, the latter the leader of the anti-revolutionary or government party. For this act of good nature he got into trouble, and was detained in custody, on suspicion of aiding the revolutionists. As Wheeler is the accredited Minister of the government, his interference between it and those whom it is at war with as revolutionists, was officious and indiscreet, however humane may have been the motives which prompted it.—*Phila. Ledger.*

A NUMEROUS WEDDING PARTY.—On Sunday last, in the Episcopal church, Lynchburg, Va., the entire congregation retained their seats, as it was understood that a marriage was about to take place. The marriage came off in due time, and the parties proved to be two coloured servants, who can boast of having had the largest wedding assemblage ever gotten together in Lynchburg.

[It will be a great consolation to this couple, when separated from each other by their master or masters—as they may be at any moment—to reflect that the mock ceremony by which they were proclaimed husband and wife, was witnessed by "the largest wedding assemblage ever gotten together in Lynchburg." Oh! the delights of slavery!]

EMIGRATION FROM VIRGINIA TO KANSAS.—The *Frontier News* states that Dr. Sumers, of Virginia, was on his way to Kansas with several other gentlemen to make arrangements for the location of one thousand persons, who purpose emigrating from Eastern Virginia, this fall, sixty families being from Richmond, thirty from Staunton, fifty from Rappahannock, and the remainder from the same neighbourhood. It is also announced that a large emigration is expected from the Western portion of Virginia next Spring. Lots at Lecompte, the new seat of government, were selling quite high, and it was said that within the next twelve months about three hundred buildings will be erected there.

A NEW STATE OUT OF TEXAS.—A writer from Western Texas says, the German, French, Swiss, Hungarian, and other European settlers in North-western Texas are, to a man, in favour of forming a new State out of the western portion of that State; and to a man they are opposed to slavery. There are many settlers from the Northern States among them, too, and together he thinks they can command ten thousand votes already. The letter is written by Mr. Wilcox, a member of Congress from Mississippi, who has lately returned from a visit to Texas. By the act annexing Texas, it is provided that it may be divided into two or more States, and it is quite probable that such a division will, ere long, be demanded.

SEEING THE HAWK.—In a breach of promise case recently decided at Springfield, Mass., Mr. Frederick Dwight was relieved of the sum of $2,500 for the benefit of Eunice C. Culver, whose affections he had trifled with. Among other facts brought out during the trial, was one in relation to a very large hawk, which Fred. had exhibited to Eunice. The way it happened was detailed by Eunice's mother, in Court, in this wise: "At one time Dwight saw Eunice mopping the floor. He asked her to come to the door and see a big hawk there was there. She went out, and in a moment I went out to see the hawk too. I did not see any hawk, but I did see Dwight with his arm around Eunice's waist. I saw him kiss her, and tell her he did n't want her to mop floors. She said she could do it better than mother."

A FUGITIVE ARRESTED.—On Sunday morning, a slave belonging to Mr. Lynham, a butcher of Richmond, Virginia, arrived in this city; but finding that the cars for the North would not start for some hours, he looked his name at one of the hotels. His complexion was so light that no one suspected that he was not of the Caucasian race, and at that establishment, therefore, he enjoyed his *otium cum dignitate*. But a telegraphic despatch had reached John Davis, the chief of the police, giving an accurate description of the runaway; mentioning, among other things, that he spoke the German language. He had not only attired himself handsomely for his Northern trip, but had all the "belongings" of a traveller for a long absence. On Sunday afternoon he went to the cars to take passage. The chief of the Police, governed by the telegraphic description of his person, there arrested him, and conducted him before Judge Hollingshead, who committed him to jail to await the requisition of his owner.—*Washington Star, Monday.*

IMPORTANT ACTION.—We learn from the *Chicago Tribune* the following recent facts in relation to the Glover rescue case, with the details of which our readers are familiar:

"There were two indictments—one against Booth, the other against Rycroft, upon the charge of aiding in the escape of the fugititive slave Glover. The defendants were tried upon the indictments before the United States District Court of Wisconsin, convicted and imprisoned. The prisoners were brought before the Supreme Court of Wisconsin upon a writ of habeas corpus, and were by the Court discharged. Since then, a writ of error has been issued by the Supreme Court of the United States to the Supreme Court of Wisconsin. We learn that the Supreme Court of Wisconsin utterly denies the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court of the United States in such a case."

A CONSPIRACY.—We learn from the *Charlottesville* (Va.) *Advocate*, that a conspiracy was lately formed amongst the negroes in the neighbourhood of Nortonsville, Albermarle County, and on the Green side of the line, to rob, murder and attempt their escape into a free State, which was brought to light a few days since. The conspiracy included some forty old negroes. Those who informed upon the rest alleged that they were instigated by two men, who read to them an account of the happiness and well-doing of those negroes who have already escaped into free States, and insisted upon their undertaking the attempt. The plan was to rob some of the neighbours of money and horses, and make their escape in an armed gang. Investigation may lead to the detection of the white rascals who instigated this conspiracy.

Under the head of "a new and disgusting description of Literature in the United States," a Montreal paper indulges in the following little expression of opinion:

"General Cass, who is one of the smallest of the much-talked-of public men in the United States, is just about publishing his own life. Women may sometimes be excused for praising their own babies; and pretty girls are occasionally allowed to praise themselves; but when a great humbug of a politician begins to tell the story, of how many plugs of tobacco he expended on the political campaigns; how many cradles he rocked, and how many dirty babies he kissed! how many good men he got the better of by telling lies; and how many bad men he secured, by showing that he could beat them on their own ground, the thing becomes absolutely disgusting."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—A new work is in the press in Cincinnati, to be published by the house of Messrs. Truman & Spofford, which will, no doubt, attract much attention from the reading public. It is a tale called "Zoe, or the Quadroon's Triumph; a Tale for the Times;" written by Mrs. E. D. Livermore, wife of the well-known Unitarian clergyman, and will be issued in a few weeks. It is founded upon the great subjects of the day—caste, colour, servitude, men's rights, women's rights, reform, &c. The heroine is a Quadroon of Santa Cruz, and the scenes are laid there, and in Denmark, England and America. It is beautifully illustrated in an original style by Messrs. Lovie and Baverie, French and German artists of Cincinnati. The novelty of the plan and execution of the work will create a sensation in the literary community.

SOUTHERN SOCIETY.—The tramp of Destiny, shaking the world, cannot startle into life Southern society. Every village at the North and West has its Lyceums, and Institutes, and Debating Clubs, with their Courses of Lectures from the best minds in the country. Rare knowledge comes down from its almost inaccessible heights to the humblest seeker after truth; wit, rich and rare; criticism, acute and profound, entice the dullest of the dull into the Elysian Fields of literature. Society *lives* amid such influences, and cannot but improve. There are at the South none of these incitements to intellectual life. It does not want them because they are the instruments of fanaticism; and that the chivalry should become fanatics, Heaven forefend! It would be more proper to say the South *cannot have* them, because free discussion, even of literary themes, is incompatible with "the institution." That is it; turn whichever way you will, it meets you. It ties your hands, it shuts your mouth, it degrades your labour, it debauches your children.—*Ala. Cor. N. Y. Times.*

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—The *Cleveland Leader* has the following announcement in relation to the operations of the Underground Railroad.

"The amount of property carried on it for the week ending on the 27th inst., was worth, in the South, at least $20,000. Last Friday the cars came very nigh running off the track, but the freight came through in safety."

The above extract is copied in the *Chicago Tribune* of the 2d inst., and will, no doubt, take the rounds of the abolition papers. It would seem that the editor of the *Leader* is either President, Director, or Conductor of one of the Underground Railroads, and that he and his co-labourers ("in the great cause") are not ashamed to publish their graceless acts to the world. The establishment of abolition papers and Underground Railroads, in the opinion of Abolitionists, is no interference with the rights of the people of the South—that the stealing of $20,000 of slaves weekly is no just cause for the South to complain. In other words, disturbing the peace and breaking the laws of the country, are no crimes. It would be creditable to Cleveland, if the editor of the *Leader*, and his co-labourers, could be kicked over into Canada. They are a disgrace to our country, men who, in a revolution, would become second Arnolds, with all the treason in their hearts which marked the betrayer of Washington, but with none of his bravery.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

A COLOURED WOMAN'S PETITION.—The Keeper of the Alms-House on Blackwell's Island received the following appeal (the copy is literal) from an inmate:

"Mr. Keen Kind Marser wont you let me out I shall loose my place, and its a good service place Im a good colard servant and am werry sorry Im here I, will pray ebery night to god for you if you let me out I will loose all my cloths if I stop with you all my time wont you please *marser* let me out this time though I, be black I, got one white sole and am honest

in respect Mary Christopher of colour."

Those who know what a big warm heart belongs to "Marser" Keen, and that it is always touched at the right time and in the right place, need not be informed that the "good coloured servant's" case was inquired into; and that upon learning her offence to be scarcely no offence at all, "Marser" laid it before Gov. Draper (who will, in the great settlement of accounts, find a large balance of "good deeds in a wicked world" standing in his favour), and that "Mary Christopher, of colour," has been restored to her "good service."—*Albany Eve. Jour.*

THE PATENT PETTICOAT LIFTER.—The latest notion from the land of shoe-pegs and wooden clocks, is an apparatus whereby ladies can manage their skirts while stepping into or out of a carriage, going up or down stairs, and in the streets, and all the while keep their hands in their pockets. The plan is perfectly simple, and the inventor exhibited at the Crystal Palace a lady figure, with the machine attached, to a large and admiring crowd of both sexes, the other evening. There are four small pulleys attached to the waist, underneath the dress, over which runs a small cord, one end of which is attached, with diaper pins, severally to the front, rear and sides of the skirt, at about the height of the knee. The other end terminates in loops, which are led into the pockets on either side. If a lady wishes to go up stairs, she pulls loop No. 1 in the right pocket, and instantly the dress rises in front, so that the ascent is made with perfect grace. No. 2 in the left hand pocket elevates the rear in the same manner, and all pulled at once elevates the skirt knee high. This manœuvre is intended for very muddy crossings.—*N. Y. Sunday Courier.*

COLOURED VOTERS IN CINCINNATI.—The Cincinnati correspondent of *Frederick Douglass's Paper* says:

"Many of our coloured citizens voted, for the first time in their lives, on the last election; you can guess who was the man of their choice; but, in some of the voting places their votes were repulsed, to the shame and dishonour of those judges. Suit has been entered against these petty politicians who maintain the absurd doctrine of 'taxation without representation.' It is more than likely a case will be carried to the Supreme Court for adjudication. Our city Council was somewhat alarmed, and at its next meeting, several resolutions were offered, one was to exclude every man from voting who had a drop of negro blood in his veins. This would not pass—it was unconstitutional. Something was passed at length which authorized the City Solicitor to defend the Judges in Court. Aint we progressing in Ohio? Aint these signs of improvement? Think of the City Solicitor being authorized to defend influential members of Council against what? They say, indignantly, 'against niggers.' We hope the Union will survive this shock."

HO, FOR THE NORTH STAR!—On Thursday last, a smart, active, intelligent, small black boy, made his appearance in this "neck of woods." He had in his possession a pistol, in which powder and lead were deposited *for safe keeping*, perhaps. No man, white or black, could induce the smart, wary boy, by coaxing, flattery or otherwise, to let the pistol pass from his hands. And yet this boy was a sample of *Georgia property*. His father, guided by the North Star, had passed out of the land of bondage, and with other members of his family had sought safety from *Democratic freedom* in the United States, in the Monarchical realms of Queen Victoria. This boy was, for some unavoidable reason, left behind on the way. He reached Ravenna in safety, and a gentleman, resident not a thousand miles from Ravenna, taking the cars on Thursday afternoon, at this station, for Cleveland, on his way to Detroit, not having the fear of the Fugitive Slave law before his eyes, took the brave boy in charge, promising him safe convoy to the ferry-boat plying between Detroit and Windsor. In the paws of the Lion and the Unicorn, the lad is now safe from the *Democratic* Bird of Liberty! "Oh, shame, where is thy blush?"—*Portage (Ohio) Democrat, Nov.* 7.

HOW A SLAVE TRIED TO ESCAPE AND COULD N'T.—The Louisville *Courier* tells this story with a relish: "Ben, the slave property belonging to one of our citizens, made his escape from jail several weeks ago. He was captured, and yesterday returned to the city. His account of his adventures in search of freedom, and that of his captors in search of the fugitive, partake somewhat of romance. He says that he crossed the river at the saw mills, and immediately took the line of the Jefferson Railroad. In the neighbourhood of Vienna, some Hoosiers discovered him and immediately gave chase. They, after a long run, succeeded in taking him, but he escaped from them soon. At a subsequent period he was again seen, and had to undergo another chase. Being mounted on a stolen horse, his pursuers soon found that he would distance them. Accordingly they fired, killing the horse. Undaunted, he kept ahead, and dogs were set upon him; but he baffled all pursuit until wearied down. Being again taken, he escaped a second time, and for a long while perplexed the Hoosiers, until entirely prostrated by hunger and exposure, he was finally taken. Officer Kirkpatrick, from this city, was sent to bring him home. Ben expressed the greatest joy at seeing an old friend, and was particularly furious against the Hoosiers, who were not such Abolitionists as he imagined. The fact is, since Indiana purged herself of Know-Nothingism, runaway slaves have no chance of escaping through that State. So much for eschewing Sam."

EVANGELINE.—One of the editors or the *New York Evangelist* has lately visited the locality in the British Provinces whereon is laid the scene of Longfellow's celebrated poem. He writes thus:

"Leaving Windsor, we rolled on rapidly over a rich country, till we came to a spot around which an American poet has thrown a tender and touching interest. It was the sight of the old French village of Grand Pre, the scene of Longfellow's Evangeline. I had read the poem but a few days before, and the scenes were still fresh in my mind. The general features of the landscape were easily identified. Yonder were the salt marshes, defended from the sea by dikes reared by the hands of the French colonists. These slopes were covered by their thatched cottages. There stood the simple church of the hamlet. It was just a hundred years since the French were driven from this peaceful spot. Longfellow describes the inhabitants gathered on the shore, looking back in dismay at the flames that burst from their dwellings. But though their village was destroyed, and the people driven from the land, the customs introduced by those early settlers still linger even among those of another race and creed. My travelling companion had spent twenty years in France, and at once recognised many signs of French occupation. The rows of poplars, the willows that fringe every water-course, and the little gable-roofed cottages, at once recalled the villages of Normandy. As we rode along, my imagination was busy reviving scenes of a century ago. I saw the little church standing on the hill, and the peasants gathering round it on fete day, or assembled to dance on the village green. Again I heard the merry peals of laughter that had long since passed away. I saw the groups gathered under the trees, telling of their country beyond the sea, and the loveliest vision of all was sweet, gentle Evangeline, as

"Homeward serenely she walked, with God's benediction upon her."

DREADFUL FRUITS OF SLAVERY.—The *Squatter Sovereign*, published at Atchison, Kansas, says: This community was thrown into a state of excitement, on Wednesday, by the announcement that Judge Thomas Plemmons had been killed by a negro. Judge Plemmons lived in Carroll County, some three miles from this place. The negro that killed him came into his possession a few years since by marriage.

The facts in the case are about these. Tuesday morning, Judge Plemmons corrected this negro for some dereliction of duty. In the evening he ordered the negro to dig some potatoes. The negro (as he said) made some excuse to get the Judge to go out and show him where to commence. So soon as he reached the potato field—some two hundred yards from the house—he struck Judge Plemmons on the back of the head with his hoe. The negro stated he fell on his hands and knees, he was speechless, but would not die. He concealed him in the yard thinking he would soon die. He waited some two hours, and went to the house meantime. Upon his return he visited the spot where he had lain his master. He was still alive. The negro then continued to strike him with his hoe, till life was extinct. That night he took one of the horses from the stable and carried the body at least a mile and a half from the house. He then dragged the body along the ground several hundred yards for the pur

Miscellaneous Department.

MEMORIAL OF THE LATE MR. ESTLIN.

NO. I.

Those American Abolitionists who have given the least attention to the history of their cause on the other side of the ocean, and who have inquired in any measure into the influences exerted by the lovers of Humanity and Impartial Freedom, in the Old world, upon the movement against Slavery in the New, can scarcely be ignorant that the Anti-Slavery cause, the world over, and particularly in this country, sustained a severe loss in the recent death of John Bishop Estlin, of Bristol, England; while those who have become better acquainted with the devoted labours of those generous minds in Europe who, though few in number, yet indomitable in soul, have grasped the extent and comprehended the world-wide character of that cause, well know that it has seldom, if ever, lost a wiser, truer, more faithful friend than Mr. Estlin was, from the hour when, in the maturity of his intellect and moral nature, he first perceived its depth and breadth even to the last moment of his earthly consciousness.

His death, which occurred on the tenth of June last, had been anticipated for two years as liable to occur at any time, his health having been much impaired and his physical constitution (never robust) having been greatly weakened by an attack of paralysis in the month of May, 1853. Yet, when his death occurred, it called forth an extent and degree of sorrow, sympathy and regret, very rare in the case of one whose life had been so unostentatious, and whose disposition and habits were so utterly averse to publicity as his. His entire life had been passed in his native city of Bristol. There, as physician and surgeon, he had commenced the career of manly life, and there he won an exalted eminence in those professions—chiefly, however, as an Oculist, in which delicate and extremely important branch of surgery and medical treatment he acquired the highest skill and reputation. But he was not solely nor yet chiefly bent upon high professional repute and success. He devoted himself closely to his calling, indeed, and laboured hard to perfect himself in it. But it was at least *as much*, we may safely say, for the good he might do and the suffering he might avert that he thus laboured as for any result more directly personal. This is proved by the whole tenor of his remarkably consistent life. With great coolness of judgment, with entire freedom from moments of excitement and heat, essaying nothing without full deliberation and survey of the difficulties before him, expecting no sudden and startling results, he laid out for himself a course of usefulness and duty, and pursued it to the last. When but twenty-six years of age (in 1812), he established, in Bristol, a Dispensary for the treatment of Diseases of the Eye, which he had already ascertained to be alarmingly common among the poorer classes, frequently disabling them from labour, and often entailing great expense as well as suffering upon themselves and their families. For the sole benefit and gratuitous treatment of the poor in Bristol and its neighbourhood, he established this institution, soliciting from the benevolent, from year to year, the moderate sum required for the necessary expenses of maintaining the house, and, from time to time, of giving lodging to patients requiring peculiar attention and care. From 1812 to 1853, a period of forty-one years, he gave, week after week, his regular attendance at this Dispensary, treating the numerous cases which there came under his notice, with as much care and fidelity as if he were to receive a large fee. In these forty years he treated himself the almost incredible number of 60,000 cases at this Dispensary, healing by far the larger part, and greatly relieving the most of the remainder. And all this was done at a cost so inconsiderable as to astonish every one who knew the facts. Such results are well calculated to put to the blush those who deem that expensive outlays and cumbrous machinery and imposing organizations are indispensable for the accomplishment of benevolent ends, while they give the greatest encouragement and the most valuable instruction to all who would do good with those abilities and opportunities which Providence has denied to none. I have referred to this marked feature of Mr. Estlin's life, because it well illustrates his wise judgment, his benevolent temper, and his remarkable perseverance. It shows him no fitful or sentimental philanthropist—such as the stony-hearted votaries of worldly wealth and power would fain persuade themselves that all men of humane feeling and action are; it shows him in early life thoughtful for others' woes, and setting himself at work to relieve them; it shows him following the work, whose benefits were daily attested to his observation, through a long course of years, without suffering himself to be "weary in well-doing," or excusing himself from its further performance because, in ten, or twenty, or thirty, or even forty years, he had done *his part*; for his active efforts at this House of Relief to the Poor did not cease until paralysis had deprived his right hand of all further power to touch with his wonted skill the sensitive organ of human sight. Not even then did his interest in the work abate. Then it became more fully, as for some years before it had largely been, a leading object with him to find a successor, who should take the work from his hands, and carry it on in like spirit; and in this object we learn he was completely successful. So that, being dead in the body, he yet survives in this ministry of good to the suffering children of the Great Father of all.

Upon such a character we well may pause and ponder. No one will feel surprised that, when he died, the testimonials to his modest worth, to his high and noble example, were numerous, prompt, and affectionate. For his nature was so simple and so frank, so unaffectedly sincere and friendly, that he inspired affection, no less than respect, wherever he was known. And these various tributes, called forth by such feelings towards him, have come from both sides of the Atlantic, and have done their measure of justice to his character and memory. No more is needed, so far as due honour to *him* is concerned. And yet, as the only true honour to genuine disinterestedness and nobility of character is in grafting the stock upon our own and others' hearts, and thus in perpetuating the fruits thereof, the present attempt to that end, it is hoped, will not be regarded as a superfluous or a useless work. It is not, indeed, my purpose to add another tribute to a wise and good man's memory, so much as to gather up and preserve awhile some of the many testimonies to his services (to the anti-slavery cause more particularly) which a correspondence of many years with friends of that cause has put within my reach; and also to select, from my correspondence with Mr. Estlin himself such passages as may seem proper and profitable to be extracted for publication. Striking rhetoric, well-turned periods, the eloquence of words, need not be looked for. To these he made no pretension, and had no adaptation. His claims to our attention and regard have a deeper and better foundation. A strong sense of what our holy cause owes to him, and a very deep personal regard, combine to prompt me to this brief work, in the hope that his life may be made better known to some, and thus productive of its legitimate effects. The labour is one of sincere satisfaction. It has but this anxiety, that I may not succeed in giving to his American fellow-labourers a sufficiently faithful idea of his character, or in awakening in them a suitable and corresponding esteem and regard for the friend whom they, and the cause they love, have lost.

Mr. Estlin was sixty-nine years of age when he died. He appears never to have had really sound health, but, on the contrary, a rather feeble bodily constitution, subjecting him to occasional illness, sometimes to great physical prostration, and entailing upon him the constant necessity of conforming to very exact and rigid rules of living. These he not only adopted, but followed through a long course of years, with the greatest cheerfulness, without seeming to count as of any moment the necessary self-denial and personal sacrifices which he was thus required to make. Perhaps it was his systematic course in all matters of bodily regimen which helped to suggest and establish a like uniform and exact method in his arrangement of his time, in his professional business, and in his works of usefulness, in all his studies and labours, and which enabled him to accomplish so much that was valuable, and to do all so thoroughly and yet so rapidly.

His industry was one of the most remarkable traits of his character; and as it early became a fixed habit with him, and continued such to the end of his life, it produced results such as, if known, would not fail to astonish nearly every one, and raise a doubt in some minds of the possibility of so much being accomplished in a single lifetime. I am informed by one who knew him well that "he kept a daily diary, without intermission, for *fifty-five* years; besides which, his medical and scientific notes and essays, his theological criticisms and devotional pieces, are very numerous; and in addition to all these was a very extensive private correspondence." These, it will be observed, were the occupation of his leisure hours, of those portions of the day which remained after his professional duties were discharged, and the many calls upon his benevolence had been duly answered. Nothing but the wisest and most systematic division of time, and the closest industry, could have enabled him to achieve his high medical and scientific reputation, to have attended and relieved so vast a multitude of suffering cases, and to have still found time for so much vigorous thought and useful action in the great fields of science and humanity.

S. M., JR.

NO. II.

Mr. Estlin was, in the truest and best sense of the word, a *religious* man. His faith was in the *living* God, in his ever-present and all-controlling government, in his infinite justice and in his infinite love, and he looked upon all men as the objects of the divine regard, children of an heavenly Father, and entitled therefore to receive from their fellow-men the regard and sympathy of brothers. And his faith was not dead. It blossomed and brought forth fruit continually, and fed itself with new strength while ministering to the necessities of others. It seems puerile, narrow, and unworthy of the spirit of Christ (whose disciple he claimed to be), to call such a man by a sectarian name. For his faith and his character were far above that of the sects, and had a principle of life in them which sectarianism, and modes of belief, can never give. He aimed to be a Christian in principle, and heart, and conduct. He looked gratefully, confidingly, joyfully to God, every day, as to his best friend, his infinite Father, and sought to live in the true relation to him of a faithful son. That this state of heart and mind is realized, from time to time, by persons of the most differing creeds, is enough to prove it wholly independent of the creeds, which, still, may help or may hinder it. Mr. Estlin was, himself, by education and conviction, a Unitarian. He was the son of an English minister of that denomination, well known and very highly esteemed by the earlier American as well as English Unitarians, in those days when the Unitarian faith was an earnest, courageous and loyal advocate of all God's truth, before it had grown timid and time-serving, as amongst us now—before it had learned to walk in conformity with the dictates of men, and in poor endeavours to acquire a reputable worldly standing. Mr. Estlin's faith, we repeat, was in no wise sectarian. The channels in which his sympathy and liberality flowed knew no party limits, nor could he be blinded by party names or attachments to the weaknesses and faults of his own denomination. It was his simple, steadfast aim to be just, a good, and an honourable man—to love God with all his heart, and practically to know all men as his brethren. If a better religion can be shown, let it be. This is the highest which the human mind has yet discovered or received. Thank God, it is confined to no sect, and we need go to none of them to find it.

Some of the distinguishing qualities of Mr. Estlin are thus tersely but truly summed up in a discourse, preached on the Sunday following his death, by Rev. George Armstrong, of Bristol, whose words I cannot forbear quoting: "One of the most thinking of men, he was one of the most active; yet, withal, one of the most quiet. His energy was within, rather than without. Singularly the reverse of demonstrative, and with nothing at all of vehemence of profession, he seemed to be under the dominion of a profound conviction of that which was right, and of unfaltering purpose, so far as he could, to give it effect." And it was the testimony of one of his own profession, who had known him long, that he was "the most incorruptible of men." "His memory," said one, "will be very precious to many on earth, as his presence is welcome to many in heaven. Oh! may we all be permitted there to meet him, and rejoice with him—there, where the Redeemed shall dwell with their Redeemer, and the wronged shall meet those who loved and laboured for them through long years of thankless toil and discouragement."

To the subject of Slavery, his mind had not been particularly turned until 1843. Previously to this, he held the views prevailing with the generality of upright and educated persons in England, wholly disapproving the system, but failing to perceive the true way of removing it, and therefore for the most part inactive in regard to it. Still, some ten years earlier, he improved an opportunity to become better acquainted with British West India slavery than he had before been. The opportunity arose in this manner. In 1832, "when the prevalence of cholera had caused extra demands upon his time and strength, he was attacked by a disease of the lungs, which it was feared might terminate in consumption. After five months of illness, and entire suspension of his duties, he was induced to try the effect of a residence in a warm climate," and in December of that year sailed for the British West India island of St. Vincent, accompanied by his daughter, and his pupil, Dr. William B. Carpenter, now of London, author of the "Physiology of Temperance," and a Professor in the University of that city. It was just at this time that the Abolitionists of England were earnestly pressing in Parliament the measure of West India Emancipation, though all uncertain of the near approach of the day which was to crown with success their long, toilsome, but persevering labours. Mr. Estlin landed in St. Vincent on the first day of February, 1833. He spent four months in the island, and reached England again in June, much improved in health. It was during his residence in St. Vincent that the West India Emancipation Bill passed the British Parliament, appointed to take effect on the ever-memorable First of August, 1834. At the time of his leaving the island, the passage of the Bill had not become known there.

During the four months spent in St. Vincent, he gave a good deal of time and attention to inquiries into the condition of the slave population, gathering facts, and forming opinions, which he subsequently embodied in an article published in *The Christian Reformer* for February, 1834. A copy of that article, in pamphlet form, is now before me. It appears from it, that Mr. Estlin found the labour of the slaves in that island not so severe, and their punishments not so harsh and frequent, as he had supposed to be the case. The management of the estates there appears, indeed, to have been in marked contrast with that of most plantations in the United States. For instance; Mr. Estlin found it to be the "mode of labour on many estates in the island to allot the negroes a certain portion of work to be done in a day, allowing them to go to their homes when it was finished; in this way, they have often finished by two o'clock considerably more work than they used to perform by sunset;" a result, under the circumstances, allowed to be "perfectly natural." He was also "satisfied that corporeal punishment is extremely rare in that island." "No driver in St. Vincent is allowed to carry a whip, even as a badge of office." What would an overseer on a cotton, sugar or rice plantation in the United States think himself able to do, without a ponderous (often New-England made) whip constantly in hand? It is to be remembered, moreover, that St. Vincent is one of the smallest of the West India Islands. The whole slave population, in 1832, was but 20,000; free coloured, 3,000—whites, but 1,300. In the larger islands, and in Jamaica especially (by far the largest and most important of all those belonging to Great Britain), the severities and cruelties practised upon the slave population are known to have been fearfully great.

But Mr. Estlin aimed to learn and record facts, in what he deemed an impartial spirit, not to utter a word in justification or extenuation of slavery. For he found the influence of the system to be evil and corrupting, both in the case of the master and the slave, physically, intellectually and morally; and in spite of every plea the proprietors could urge, and of the marked improvement which, within a few years, and under the pressure of anti-slavery effort in England, had been made, he "returned from the West Indies," to use his own language, "more desirous of emancipation than ever I was, because *I am satisfied that nothing but freedom can remedy the evils that exist*." His mind seems here to have almost touched the great idea of *immediate emancipation*. Freedom the *only* remedy? He did not ask himself that question; or, if he did, shrank from an affirmative answer, like all around him. He favoured a gradual emancipation. This was the almost universal opinion in England then, some of the most enlightened advocates of the Emancipation Bill holding it. The Bill itself, in fact, was based on that idea, providing for a system of "apprenticeship," to take the place of slavery, and to continue for six years, although it permitted any of the colonies which might choose it to make the emancipation immediate. Antigua (with a population of 35,000 coloured, and only about 2,000 white), and one or two smaller islands besides, alone decided for immediate emancipation. The result, as is well known, was wholly in favour of the policy of immediateism. Even the most strenuous advocates of gradualism admitted the Apprenticeship system to have failed; and, with their consent and desire, it was brought to an end in *four* years, instead of six, from its establishment—the first of August, 1838, seeing every vestige of slavery obliterated in the British West India possessions; thus demonstrating anew the superior wisdom (even in a temporal point of view) of those who trust wholly and at once in the everlasting law of right and justice, over that best wisdom of the world which, in its caution and little faith, seeks to approach the just and the right only by slow and graduated steps.

This pamphlet, therefore, does no manner of justice to the views and convictions upon slavery afterwards formed on a more careful and thorough investigation, and cherished and advocated with the whole force of his nature, by Mr. Estlin. Of course, the working of the Apprenticeship in the islands, and the gradual change of opinion and feeling there, were not lost upon him, and his mind became ready to receive and appreciate the more radical, simple and Christian principles upon which the contest against slavery was carried on in the United States. For he was not one, by temperament, education or principle, formed to make any compromise with so fell a wrong as slavery. The idea of man's holding property in man being once clearly seen and understood, all the latent justice and benevolence of his soul awoke to rebuke and reject it, as alike inhuman and unchristian.

"His interest in the subject of American slavery began in the year 1843." (I quote from a brief memoir of Mr. Estlin, written by Rev. William James, of Bristol, and published in the (London) *Christian Reformer* of August last.) "In that year, he was present at a meeting of the Western Unitarian Association (composed of the pastors and delegates of Unitarian Societies in the West of England), where the subject of slavery in America was introduced. The writer of this present notice was then in England, and had the great good fortune to attend the same meeting, and there to become acquainted with Mr. Estlin. The brief discussion on slavery in that meeting struck a chord of sympathy in his heart. With characteristic caution, he gave no immediate strong expression to his awakened feeling, but forthwith began the work of collecting evidence, and searching into the real character and history of slavery in America. He felt that the enforced degradation and enslavement of three millions of men anywhere was a question of concern to the friends of justice and right, of humanity and religion, everywhere; and especially demanding attention and investigation when found to exist as a settled institution in a nation so closely allied to England as were the United States. He was a man, and whatever concerned mankind concerned him. He was in frequent intercourse with Americans, and could not willingly or conscientiously approve of men who excused, by their apologies or their silence, so foul a thing as American slavery was represented to be. The religious faith he held was held also by many in America. He had long revered the names of Channing and Ware, and others, and he could not credit, still less be reconciled to, the fact that the associates and successors of those men should dwindle into the position of timid acquiescence in the demands of slaveholders and slave-traders. He felt, in fine, that the inward voice of God was calling him not yet to put off his armour, but to gird himself yet once more to do battle with an enemy to all righteousness, such as he never yet had met, no, nor so much as imagined.

S. M., JR.

LOUIS DAVID, THE REGICIDE.

It is now thirty years since his death at Brussels. On the subject of the interdict against his dead body by Charles the Tenth, a piece of brutality, bad taste and blundering combined—which three attributes go together to constitute a perfect *Bourbonism*—Beranger wrote one of the most beautiful of his patriotic odes, which was rendered into English verse by the celebrated Father Prout, and published in *Fraser's Magazine* a few years afterwards. As the fifth of a century has passed away, and another generation has sprung up since this beautiful translation, scarcely second to the original, appeared in the pages of *Regina*, it may be unknown to most of the readers of *The Empire*.

"The pass is barred!' 'Fall back!' cries the guard; 'cross not the French frontier!'
As, with solemn tread, of the exiled dead the funeral drew near.
For the sentinelle had noticed well what no plume, no pall can hide—
That you hearse contains the sad remains of a banished regicide!
'But pity take, for his glory's sake,' said his children to the guard:
'Let his noble heart plead on his part—let a grave be his reward!
France knew his name in his hour of fame, nor the aid of his pencil scorned:
Let his passport be the memory of the triumphs he adorned!'
"'That corpse can't pass! 'tis my duty, alas!' said the frontier sentinelle.
'But pity take, for his country's sake, and his clay do not repel
From its kindred earth, from the land of his birth!' cried the mourners in their turn.
'Oh! give to France the inheritance of her painter's funeral urn;
His pencil traced, on the Alpine waste of the pathless Mount Gothard.
Napoleon's course on a snow-white horse!—let a grave be his reward!
For he loved this land—ay, his dying hand to paint her fame he'd lend her,
Let his passport be the memory of his native country's splendour!'
"'You cannot pass,' said the guard, 'alas,'—and tears bedimmed his eyes—
'Though France may count to pass that mount a glorious enterprise.'
'Then pity take, for fair Freedom's sake,' said the mourners once again:
'Her favourite was Le nidas, with his band of Spartan men.
Did not his art to them impart life's breath, that France might see
What a patriot few in the gap could do at old Thermopylæ?
Oft by that sight for the coming fight was the youthful bosom fired:
Let his passport be the memory of the valour he inspired!'
"'Ye cannot pass.' 'Soldier, alas! a dismal boon we crave.
Say, is there not some lonely spot where his friends may dig a grave?
Oh! pity take, for that hero's sake whom he gloried to portray
With crown and palm, at Notre Dame, on his coronation-day.
Amid that band the withered hand of an aged pontiff rose,
And his blessing shed on the conqueror's head, forgetting his own woes.
He drew that scene, nor dreamt, I ween, that yet a little while,
And the hero's doom would be a tomb, far off in a lonely isle!'
"'I am charged, alas! not to let you pass,' said the sorrowing sentinelle;
'His destiny must also be a foreign grave!' 'Tis well!—
Hard is our fate to supplicate for his bones a place of rest.
And to bear away his banished clay from the land that he loved best.
But let us hence! Sad recompense for the lustre that he cast,
Blending the rays of modern days with the glories of the past!
Our sons will read with shame this deed, unless my mind doth err,
And a future age make pilgrimage to the painter's sepulchre!'"

MOST AFFECTIONATE COUNCIL.

Well. Be cautious. Don't go too far. Take care what you do. Do not tell all you know. Keep the truth back so far. Not that I differ from you. I entirely agree with you. In principle I am on your side. Mind you, every word you say I think is the truth. But you ought to be careful. It does not do to go to the point at once. You should draw it mild. You should prepare the way. The time is not yet come to tell all you know. By-and-bye it will be here. Wait a little.

Nobody ever got anything by speaking right out. Never. The great art is to write as much as you can write, and offend nobody. Err on the side of prudence. That is to say, be discreet. Be conciliatory. Be obliging. Remember that there is a time to hold your tongue, and a time to speak your mind. Consider the see-saw process. The child that's down now will be up presently. Don't expect always to be up, but expect to be down as well. When you are up speak out, when you are down be quiet. I mean that you should keep your mouth shut as much as possible. Look at the oysters. They keep their mouths shut. If they opened their mouths they would be swallowed up. Take a lesson, I say, from the oysters.

Now, see how nicely some of your contemporaries do the thing. They are as much for peace as you are, but they wait for events. I don't mean that they do quite right. O dear, no. Take the editor of *Lloyd's*. When the invasion panic raged, he came out as a "hedgehog," and said all kinds of things about war being murder. I saw that the time would come when he would eat his words. Hedgehog is now violent for war. This is quite wrong. He should have been gentle in both cases. Then there's the Vesuvius of the *British Banner* who acts a similar part. He, too, is quite wrong. Much better if both had been as discreet as the *Nonconformist*. My Noncon friend was quiet about the war altogether. And when he did speak he spoke in two senses. Besides, he got articles written for which himself was not responsible. I don't say this was altogether the best way, but it was better than the Hedgehog and the Vesuvius way. It was more respectful and more discreet. Then you ask me, where is there a sample of the plan I would advise? I will tell you. Go to Manchester. Go to the *Examiner and Times* office. There—that's the way. That model of a newspaper was always against the war. Of course. But it said we must fight in earnest if we do fight. It said, the war was a fact. Of course. And it said very little about peace. A touch up now and then. Of course. Now and then, an apology for peace. Of course. Long leaders, describing the history of the thing and giving no opinion. Excluding all serious and all bold matters. Respecting its opponents. Confessing that there were difficulties. That's the style. It is the only way to make money.

I repeat that you won't get on, if you don't be discreet. All our statesmen are discreet. Nearly all the ministers of the Gospel are discreet. Every journalist in England is, to a certain extent, discreet. See how the preachers do. When Sunday comes, they say, "Ah! the war, a bad job, but the Lord has something He means to get out of it." That pleases. And I agree with that. Not that it is right, but it is right in one sense. There are always two senses, and you can easily manage between the two. If the horse won't move by whipping it on one side, give it a whip on the other. If you can't bring men on by a dance, give them a song. For example, what is the use saying you are a teetotaller, when the word "temperance" will answer every end? Say you are for peace, of course. Everybody is. You may say you are for war, too, without meaning sword and bullet war. There is the war of the elements, the war of the tongue, and the war of the waves of the sea. Some wars are right, some wars are wrong. Say that. Why the deuce should you let out your meaning at the beginning of an article? Keep it to the end. And don't put it into the end unless it is expedient so to do. Truth is the most valuable thing under heaven. You must not expose it. Roll it up in a napkin and keep it safe. Show your respect for it by the manner in which you mount guard over it. It will show itself in its own time. Don't you fear. A man gets no good by standing alone. I don't say compromise. Oh, no! But I say conciliate. Draw it mild. Run no risk. Look out.

There's Luther. See what came of him for telling the truth right out. He had to meet the devils at Worms. Be warned by his example. There's John Knox; if he had been a little more cautious, he would not have had to fly away to France. There's Bunyan. His indiscretion got him into Bedford Jail. There's Latimer, who was burned because he could not control his tongue. And Joseph Hume, who died without a pension for being outspoken. And Robert Burns would have got on better if he had been more polite. And John Milton got no honour for a century after his death because he would not be conciliatory. And a lot more I could name. Take even St. Paul. What business had he to go to Rome when he knew they would kill him? Suppose you see an ox putting its head and horns into a furnace. Is that right? Don't tell me these men get rewarded when they are in their graves. What use is a reward to them then? Charity begins at home, I say, not in the grave. I don't like rashness. The great thing is victory and success. Manage these, all the rest will come. Never be on the losing side. It looks foolish to be on that side. You tell me, no doubt, that the author of Christianity told the truth and was crucified by the Romans and abandoned by everybody. Well, that's true; but what of that? I don't count much upon it. I think it teaches us to keep out of the lion's mouth.

How can a man live without bread? How can he get bread without money? How can he get money without conciliation? Will Providence save him? Does Providence keep a shop? Mind you, I believe in Providence. I never said I did n't. But Providence teaches me to square my ways. Dear friends, take my advice. I have not long to live in the world. Don't trust to uncertain riches. Get hold of money that is certain. Philanthropy is all very well in its place. Those who cry out for it will help a little, but they will leave you in the lurch at last. In plain words, I will say at once, "Look to your pockets." Don't tell me to look to God. God can afford to be honest. I am not sure you can.

And what is honesty? It is a relative idea entirely. Like a cart-wheel, it is a thing which can roll over a good piece of ground. Try a little sense. That's the point. No good battles are fought without skill and cunning. No great measure was ever obtained without secret councils. If you want to do good and to profit keep in the dark. Come out when there is no dark. Be like the cabbages and let the light come to you, don't you go to the light. Ask not what a man believes, or anything of that kind. Mind your own mind, don't mind the mind of other people. I always have held that a flank march is the best. Those who lead are sure to perish. Keep behind the curtain and show yourself when you are wanted.

I must stop. I need not say any more. It is a large subject. I could go on with it for ever. But I must stop. Hem! However, one word, be discreet. Now I have done. Hem! Hem! Yes, be discreet. Hem, hem, hem!—"*Saxon's Grandmother*" in *The London Empire*.

DECLARATION OF THE EXILES REMAINING IN JERSEY.

Three proscribed individuals—Ribeyrolles, the intrepid and eloquent writer; Pianciani, the generous representative of the Roman people; Thomas, the courageous prisoner of Mount St. Michael—have just been expelled from Jersey.

The act is serious. What is there on the surface? The English Government. What is there at the bottom? The French police. The hand of Fouche can put on the glove of Castlereagh. This proves it.

The *coup d'etat* has just made an entrance into England's liberties; England has reached this point—to proscribe the proscribed. One step more, and England will be an appendage to the French empire, and Jersey will be a canton of the arrondissement (district) of Coutances.

At this moment our friends have left; the expulsion is consummated.

The future will qualify the fact; we confine ourselves to stating it. We record it—nothing more. Setting aside the violation of right, the violence to which our persons are subjected makes us smile.

The French revolution is a permanent thing—the French republic is a right—the future is inevitable; what signifies the rest? And what is, after all, this expulsion? Another ornament to exile; another hole in the flag.

Only let there be no doubt on the subject.

This is what we say, we proscribed Frenchmen, to you, English government:

Monsieur Bonaparte, your "powerful and cordial ally," has no other legal existence but this—charged with the crime of high treason.

M. Bonaparte for the last four years has been liable to a writ of arrest. Signed: Hardoin, president of the High court of justice; Delapalme Pataille, Moreau (of the Seine), Cauchy, judges. And countersigned: Renouard, procureur-general.

M. Bonaparte took the oath as a functionary to the Republic, and perjured himself.

M. Bonaparte swore fidelity to the constitution, and destroyed the constitution.

M. Bonaparte, the depositary of all the laws, has all the laws.

M. Bonaparte imprisoned the inviolable representatives of the people, drove away the judges.

M. Bonaparte, in order to escape the writ of arrest issued by the High court, has done what the malefactor does; that he may escape from the gensd'armes, he has committed murder.

M. Bonaparte has used sabres and grapeshot, and he has exterminated; he has massacred by day, shot by night.

M. Bonaparte guillotined Cuisinier, Cirasse, Charlet, guilty of having attempted to serve the judicial writ of arrest.

M. Bonaparte bribed the soldiers, bribed the functionaries, bribed the magistrates.

M. Bonaparte stole the property of Louis Phillippe, to whom he was indebted for his life.

M. Bonaparte has sequestered, pillaged, confiscated, terrorized conscience, ruined families.

M. Bonaparte has proscribed, banished, driven out, expelled, transported to Africa, transported to Cayenne, sent forth to exile, forty thousand citizens, among whom are the signers of this declaration.

High treason, false oath, perjury, subordination of officials, sequestration of the citizens, spoliation, robbery, murder—these are crimes provided against by every code of every nation, punished in England on the scaffold; punished in France, where the republic abolished the penalty of death, with the bagnio. The court of Assizes is waiting for M. Bonaparte.

From this moment history says to him: Accused, risé.

The French people have for their executioner, and the English government for its ally, imperial crime.

That is what we say.

That is what we said yesterday, and the English press in a body said so with us; that is what we shall say to-morrow, and a unanimous posterity will say so with us.

This is what we shall always say—we, who have but one soul, the truth; and but one word, justice.

And now banish us!

Victor Hugo, J. Cohaigne, Fulbert Martin (advocate), Col. Sandor Teleki, E. Beauvais, Bonne Duverdier, Kesler, Arsene Haves, Albert Barbieux, Roumilhac (advocate), A. C. Wiesener (retired Austrian officer), Gornet (senior), Charles Hugo, J. J. Amiel (of the Ariège), Francois Victor Hugo, F. Tafery, Theophile Gurein, Francois Zychon, B. Colin, Edouard Collet, Kozielt, V. Vincent, A. Piasecki, Giuseppe Rancan, Lefebvre, Barbier (physician), H. Préveraud, condemned to death on the 2d Dec. (Allier).

Jersey, Oct. 17, 1855.

THE CHEERFUL MAN AND THE SERIOUS MAN.

The Cheerful Man, after driving away Melancholy, whom he portrays in the darkest colours, invokes Euphrosyne or Mirth, one of the Graces whom Venus bore to Bacchus, or as he rather chooses to believe, the offspring of Zephyrus and Flora. He invites her to come with all her train, and to "admit him of her crew," and then proceeds to enumerate the circumstances and objects which will yield him pleasure. He commences at daybreak with the song of the lark, then he hears and sees the cock among his dames, and next listens to the hound and horn echoing from the hill-side and through the woods. He walks at this hour of prime over hillocks and among hedge rows toward the east, where the sun is now rising, amid the clouds of various hues. He hears the ploughman, the milkmaid, the mower, and the shepherd, at their various occupations. His eye surveys the landscape round, the lawns and fallows, mountains, meads, brooks and rivers. At a distance is a castellated edifice embosomed in trees, the abode, it may be, of some high-born beauty; at hand, rises from between two aged oaks, the smoke from the chimney of a cottage, where a country lass has prepared the meal at which two peasants are seated, and she then goes out to help to bind the sheaves, or to make the hay. At other times he will repair to the hamlets, which lie on higher grounds, where he will listen to the merry peal of the church bells, and the jocund sound of the rebeck, to which the village lads and lasses are dancing, while the old people and the children also are enjoying the holiday. When daylight fails, all retire to drink the spicy nut-brown ale, and, after telling stories of the fairies and goblins, they go to rest.

Having thus gone through the pleasures of the country he repairs to the city. Here he witnesses tilts, weddings, masks and pageants, and then goes to the theatre to see the comedies of Ben Jonson or Shakspeare. Above all delights, he desires that arising from the union of vocal and instrumental music, and concludes by assuring Mirth that if she yields him these he will live with her forever.

The Serious Man after having in a mild tone warned off "vain deluding joys," invokes the presence of the sage and holy goddess, divinest Melancholy, of whose appearance and dress he gives a most fascinating description. He prays her not to change her usual mein and gait, and enumerates the members of the train which was to attend her state. The only sound to be heard should be the song of the nightingale, and that "in her sweetest, saddest plight," while the moon would check her car over an oak-tree to listen to the lay.

While, as we have seen, the Cheerful Man commences with the song of the lark and the rising of the sun, the Serious Man selects for the same purpose the song of the nightingale and the light of the moon. Should he miss the former, he walks, *unseen* by the peasants, who were retired to rest, on the village-green to observe the latter making her way in heaven through the cloud; or ascending some rising ground, he listens to the sound of the curfew-bell, as it comes mellowed over the waters of a lake. If the state of the weather were such that he could not have these out-of-door enjoyments, he would sit alone in a room with no light but that preceding from the "glowing embers," and hearing no sounds but the chirrup of the cricket on the hearth, or the voice of the bellman blessing the house from evil. Or he would sit at midnight by his lamp, in some "high and lonely tower," studying the works of Hermes, Trismegistus or Plato, to learn their ideas of the future abode of the soul, and of the various kinds of dæmons. At times, the subject of his studies would be the tragedies of ancient Greece, or those few (namely Shakspeare's) with which modern times had ennobled the "buskined stage." Epic and romantic poetry would also form part of his studies; for he wishes that Melancholy had the power to awake Musæus and Orpheus, to sing their lost strains to him, or Chaucer to finish his Squire's Tale; and he appears to intimate that Spenser, and other romantic poets, would engage his attention.

Thus should morn oft find him, not however in his gay, brilliant garb, but wrapt in clouds, attended by piping winds, followed by a shower, whose drops would fall every minute from the eaves when the day began to clear. At noon, when the sun was high and strong, he would retire to the recesses of some dense wood, and there, lulled by the humming of the bees and the murmuring of the waters, he would fall asleep, and in his sleep be visited by dreams of delicious mystery. But his favourite haunt would be the cathedral with its cloisters, its pillars, its painted windows, and its choral music, which would

Dissolve him into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before his eyes.

He finally would seek out a hermitage for the abode of his latter days, and advance in wisdom as he advanced in years.—*Keightley's Life of Milton.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

The *Moniteur* says: "We are happy to announce that her Majesty the Empress is about to enter the fifth month of her pregnancy. The health of her Majesty is excellent. France will hear of the pregnancy of the Empress with as much joy as thankfulness to Providence. This happy event, which promises to the Emperor the only satisfaction wanting to complete his domestic happiness, is a new guanantee for the stability of our institutions. Every one will return thanks to Heaven and offer prayers for the preservation of the Empress's health and the accomplishment of the nation's hopes."

——English Taste.—London may become Rome, but she can never become Athens. This, indeed, was reserved for Paris. In London there may be gold, power, material development in the highest degrees of perfection, a gigantic exaggeration of everything that can be done with money, with patience, and resolution—the useful, the comfortable—but never the beautiful. The English will excel in all that is possible to accomplish, and even that which is impossible. They will invent machines that will make six hundred thousand pairs of stockings in a minute and they will even discover nations to wear them; but they will never be able to make a bonnet which a French grisette would put upon her head.—*Gautier.*

——Deodorizing Effects of Roasted Coffee.—The London *Medical Gazette* gives an account of the numerous experiments to ascertain the deodorizing effects of roasted coffee. It finds this material the most powerful means known, not only for rendering animal and vegetable effluvia innocuous, but of actually destroying them. A room in which meat in an advanced degree of decomposition had been kept for some time, was instantly deprived of all smell, on an open coffee-roaster being carried through it containing a pound of coffee, newly roasted. In another room, exposed to the effluvia occasioned by the clearing out of a cess-pool, so that sulphuretted hydrogen and ammonia in great quantities could be chemically detected, the stench was completely removed in half a minute by three ounces of roasted coffee.

——A New Sect.—There is a great talk at present about a new church and sect which are in progress of formation at Forres. Whether rumour be correct or not, time will tell. The scheme is this, the disaffected in all the churches are to unite and form a new congregation, under the title of the "Grand Union Church," no matter what denomination the minister be—Established, Free, or United Presbyterian—so that he can deliver his sermon without the use of a paper. A number of the most influential in some of the churches are said to at the head of this movement; and it is very probable that, if the grievance that gave it birth, viz., sermon-reading in the pulpit, does not soon cease, it may come to something. There is at present not an extempore preacher in the town, which many do consider no great calamity.—*Elgin Courant.*

——A Scotch Sultana.—A Scottish journal has lately asked of its readers for information as to who was the husband of the Sultana Anne Katte Ghery Krim Ghery, who died at Simpheropol, in the Crimea, in June last. The Sultana Anne Katte Ghery Grim Ghery was a young lady belonging to Edinburgh, who became the wife of the Sultan of the Crimea in the following manner: About seventy years ago Catherine of Russia invaded the Crimea, deposed the Sultan, and annexed the Crimea itself to the Russian dominions. Some forty years after that event, or about thirty years back from the present date, the deposed Sultan, or more probably the son of the deposed Sultan, visited Eninburgh. While there he was to be found in the first circles of the modern Athens. He became attached to a young lady—a Miss Nelson or Neilson—and married her. After the marriage he took her to the Crimea. For many years this Sultan has been dead. His Sultana went in June last, the way of all the earth.

——M. Louis Blanc, has written a manifesto, dissenting from the means and the end proposed by Messrs. Kossuth, Mazzini and Ledru Rollin. He advocates "discussion" before the Revolutionists are called on to fight. He adds:

"The republican form of government is not the object; the object is, to restore to the dignity of human nature those whom the excess of poverty degrades, and to enlighten those whose intelligence, from want of education, is but a dim, vacillating lamp in the midst of darkness; the object is to make him that works enjoy all the fruits of his work; the object is to enfranchise the people by endeavouring gradually to abolish this double slavery—ignorance and misery. A very difficult task, indeed, the accomplishment of which requires long study, deep meditation, and something more than discipline! As to the republican form of government, it is a means, most valuable certainly, and which we ought to strive to conquer, even at the cost of life, but which it is very imprudent to mistake for the aim, as the consequence might be to make us take the shadow for the substance, and run through a heap of ruins to fatal delusions."

——Quack Doctors.—There is no disease of dreaded name for which these oracles cannot furnish a cure. Asthma and consumption are disarmed of their terrors; gout is now but an harmless bugbear; and if any suffer or die of cancer, it must be the fault of their own obstinacy or incredulity. The diseases of childhood need give little concern; there are anodynes which allay the pain of teething; there are worm lozenges which no reptile can resist; and there are washes which infallibly cure and beautify the skin. Laborious investigation of disease is unnecessary; the doctor does not need to see his patient, who has only to send a letter describing his case, with the usual fee; and the remedy will come to the remotest corner of the kingdom. Even this trouble may often be dispensed with; a patient has merely to consider whether he is bilious or nervous; whether his skin or his bowels are in the fault; whether he needs stimulants or evacuants; and pills, and cordials, and balsams, of unerring efficacy, are to be found in every town, ready to his hand. Of the truth of these statements there cannot be a doubt, as numberless cures are attested by those who have tried them, and whose benevolence prompts them to publish, for the benefit of mankind, the advantage they have experienced in themselves or their families.—*Macaulay's Dictionary of Medicine.*

——Our Houses.—We always look upon our houses as mere temporary lodgings. We are always hoping to get larger and finer ones, or are forced some way or other to live where we do not choose, and in continual expectation of changing our place of abode. In the present